Leatherneck

MARCH 1954 MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES 25c

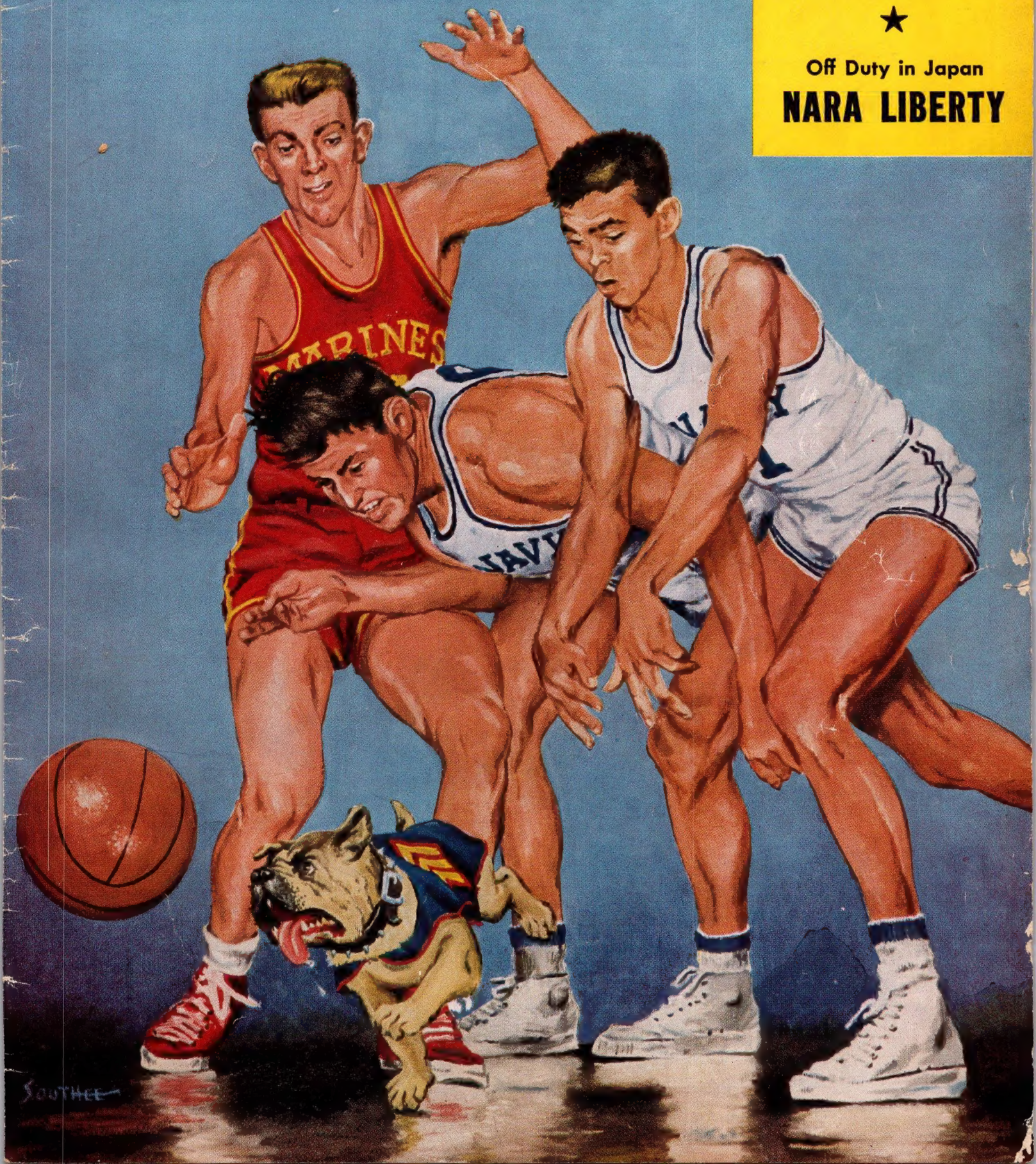
The NEWEST
Post of the Corps

Twentynine Palms

★

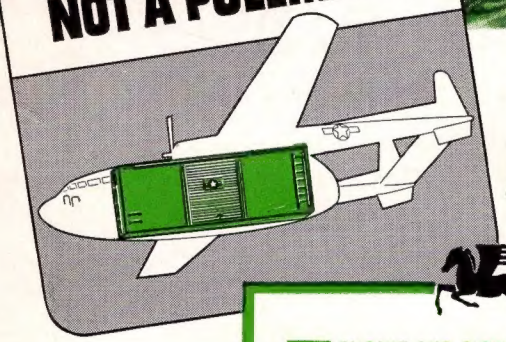
Off Duty in Japan

NARA LIBERTY



BEST BULK CARGO CARRIER IN BUSINESS TODAY!

FREIGHT TAKES A BOXCAR... NOT A PULLMAN!



Flying bulk cargo from rear bases to the front lines is more than just a *flight* in itself. For other aircraft there must be other added equipment: Loading with special cargo handling equipment at point of departure – plus the often prohibitive cost of dismantling pieces too big to get into the plane – plus the danger and costly delay of unloading and re-assembling at destination. The combat proven Fairchild C-119 is built to avoid these "extras." Designed specifically as a bulk cargo carrier, the "Flying Boxcar" hauls every conceivable kind of military cargo *without* dismantling and *without* special loading equipment – resulting in it being the best general cargo carrier in military use today.

ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION

FAIRCHILD

Aircraft Division

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Guided Missiles Division, Wyandanch, L. I., N. Y. • Engine Division, Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

What Now?

PROCTER & GAMBLE addresses a challenge to young men who will return to civilian life this year, particularly those who entered the services directly from college.

For the young, college-educated man with leadership potential and the ability to reason logically and clearly, to make and execute sound decisions, to develop original and creative ideas, Procter & Gamble offers an opportunity to grow with a growing company. Expanding rapidly in many fields, Procter & Gamble has a great need for capable young men who can be advanced *individually* in position and compensation as rapidly as each individual's ability permits.

We give below brief descriptions of the opportunities available together with some basic information about Procter & Gamble as a company:

Advertising—For this work we seek men who can take on broad marketing responsibilities quickly. The nature of this work is not advertising as most people conceive of it, but business administration within the framework of marketing and advertising.

Buying and Traffic—Buying of commodities, supplies, and equipment is a vital phase of Procter & Gamble's operation and offers opportunities for qualified men to progress to top management levels. Closely allied to Buying is the Traffic Department which deals with the movement of goods to and from our factories.

Manufacturing—Responsibility for efficient production of quality products developed to fill consumer needs rests with this group. Opportunities exist for recent graduates in Engineering or Chemistry who are interested in research, equipment design, development, and factory management.

Comptroller—This Division is our Company's center for accounting and forecasting information affecting all phases of our domestic and overseas operations. Excellent opportunity for advancement into managerial positions is offered to men with a general business education and an interest in management accounting.

Sales—Outstanding opportunities exist in the Company's sales departments to progress rapidly to responsible positions in sales management. Previous experience unnecessary as excellent training program is provided. Progress depends only upon your ability, initiative, and results.

Overseas—Interesting opportunities in the fields described above are available with subsidiary companies in major foreign cities. No contract or special language requirement. Employment highly selective since positions require early assumption of responsibility.

★ ★ ★

What is Procter & Gamble's Position In Its Industry? Procter & Gamble is the country's leading manufacturer of soaps and synthetic detergents. It is also a leader in the drug products and food industries as well as being one of the nation's largest producers of chemical pulp and glycerine.

What Is Procter & Gamble's Financial Record? The Company was founded in 1837 and has been incorporated since 1890. In all these years it has *never* missed a dividend to its common share holders and has shown an operating profit every year.

Is Procter & Gamble a Growing Company? Since 1900 the Company has grown rapidly and still continues to grow. During the last ten years, Procter & Gamble has introduced nine new national products.

Is Procter & Gamble a Well-Managed Company That Will Recognize My Individual Potentialities? Procter & Gamble has been voted the best managed company in the United States by the American Institute of Management, and has been given an "excellent" rating for its executive development program.

What Advancement Possibilities Does Procter & Gamble Offer Me? A man's ability determines his future at P&G. The Company "grows" its executives; it does not "hire" them. All the Company's officers have long records of employment with Procter & Gamble.

★ ★ ★

If you feel that you qualify for a position in one of the Company's operating departments and would like to know more about the department and the Company, write to:

W. L. Franz, Supervisor of Employment, Box L6, Gwynne Bldg., Sixth & Main Streets, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

IN THIS ISSUE

ARTICLES PAGE

Food Team 20
Got A Requisition? 25
Road Show 30
Nara Liberty 34
Ambush 40
Friendship Day 52

POSTS OF THE CORPS

Twentynine Palms 14

SPORTS

Seventh Eleven 28
Sport Shorts 65

FICTION

Gilhooley's Enterprise 44

FEATURES

Sound Off 2
Corps Quiz 8
Behind The Lines 13
Leatherneck Laffs 42
Leatherneck's 2nd Annual Rifle Awards 48
Claim Your Bond! 55
We—The Marines 56
In Reserve 60
Crazy Captions 66
Transfers 69

LEATHERNECK, MARCH, 1954

VOLUME XXXVII, NUMBER 3

Published monthly and copyright, 1954, by The Leatherneck Association, Inc., Headquarters Marine Corps, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All rights reserved. Stories, features, pictures and other material from LEATHERNECK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Washington, D. C. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1130, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price $3.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to Advertising Director, Leatherneck Magazine, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. The opinions of authors whose articles appear in LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters. Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Colonel Donald L. Dickson; GENERAL MANAGER: Captain H. Jay Bullen; MANAGING EDITOR: Karl Schuon; PRODUCTION EDITOR: Robert N. Davis; PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR: Louis Lowery; NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE: Nolle T. Roberts; ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR: Ronald D. Lyons; ASSISTANT PRODUCTION EDITOR: SSgt. Virginia M. Dehmer; ART DIRECTOR: Norval E. Packwood, Jr.; CIRCULATION MANAGER: MSgt. Joseph W. Patterson; STAFF WRITERS: MSgts. Robert T. Fugate, Paul Sarokin, Harry P. Pugh and Edward M. Barnum, TSgts. John P. McConnell and Robert A. Suhosky, Sgt. Hazel D. Calden.

WEST COAST BUREAU: MSgt. Steven Marcus and TSgt. Charles Tyler.

FAR EAST BUREAU: MSgts. Roy Heinecke and J. W. Richardson.

NO STAR FOR UN RIBBON

Dear Sir:

I would like a little information concerning the wearing of a star on the United Nations Ribbon for coming to Korea twice.

My buddy, while on R&R in Japan, talked with a Marine who wore a star on the UN ribbon. It was his second time across, one as seagoing and once with the division. Both my buddy and myself are on our second tour over here and we would like to know if we will rate a star in the UN ribbon when we return to the United States.

Will you please enlighten us?

Corp. L. W. Spratlen
"C" Co., 1stBn., 5th Marines,
1st Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *There are no stars authorized for the United Nations ribbon.—Ed.*

COMPLIMENT

Dear Sir:

Please accept my congratulations to the *Leatherneck* Magazine and its staff on the Anniversary issue of November,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

Modern basketball strategists maintain that a small man doesn't stand a chance of winning when competing with the six-feet-plus stringbeans who populate the game today. Almar, the barracks' mascot, has never had this theory explained to him, therefore, he thinks he can beat the giants with some fancy dribbling. Almar was substituted into this game by *Leatherneck* Staff Artist Sergeant Robert C. Southee.

Posed by Miss Barbra Loden, young TV actress

UNTIL YOU TRY King Size OLD GOLDS, you'll never know how wonderful a King Size cigarette can taste. In both popular sizes, OLD GOLD is backed by the same rich background and know-how . . . the same skilled tobacco craftsmanship that has always made Regular OLD GOLDS so popular.

REGULAR AND KING SIZE

If you want a Treat instead of a Treatment... smoke Old Golds

SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 2*]

1953. It was a most interesting number. I thoroughly enjoyed the story "The Bell Never Told" by Katharine Dunlap. Her husband, General Hal Dunlap and I were close friends and I was very fond of him. We served together many times.

Colonel Victor I. Morrison (Ret).
P. O. Box #247,
Old Lyme, Conn.

● *Thank you for the compliment, Colonel Morrison. We always enjoy hearing from our readers.—Ed.*

NATO RIBBON

Dear Sir:

I would greatly appreciate some information in regard to the NATO ribbon and medal. Has it been authorized by the Marine Corps? If so, who rates it?

I served with Commander Carrier Division 4 for 27 months commencing on June 6, 1951. Do I rate this ribbon?

Name withheld by request

● *To date, there has been no NATO ribbon or medal authorized for wear by military personnel.—Ed.*

ROTATION

Dear Sir:

My brother left Camp Pendleton on August 4, 1953, with MAMS-11, MAG-11, and is now in Japan. I have been told that the Marine Corps rotates the men every 14 months. Kindly let me know about this. He has three more years to serve on his enlistment.

Sister Kay

● *Sister Kay, it is impossible for us to give you a definite answer inasmuch as you failed to include your brother's full name, rank and serial number. And, since you neglected to send us your full name and address, we could not answer your letter by direct mail. We may say, however, that men of the First and Third Marine Divisions are normally rotated after they complete 14 months service in the Far East.—Ed.*

BRISTOW EXPOSED

Dear Sir:

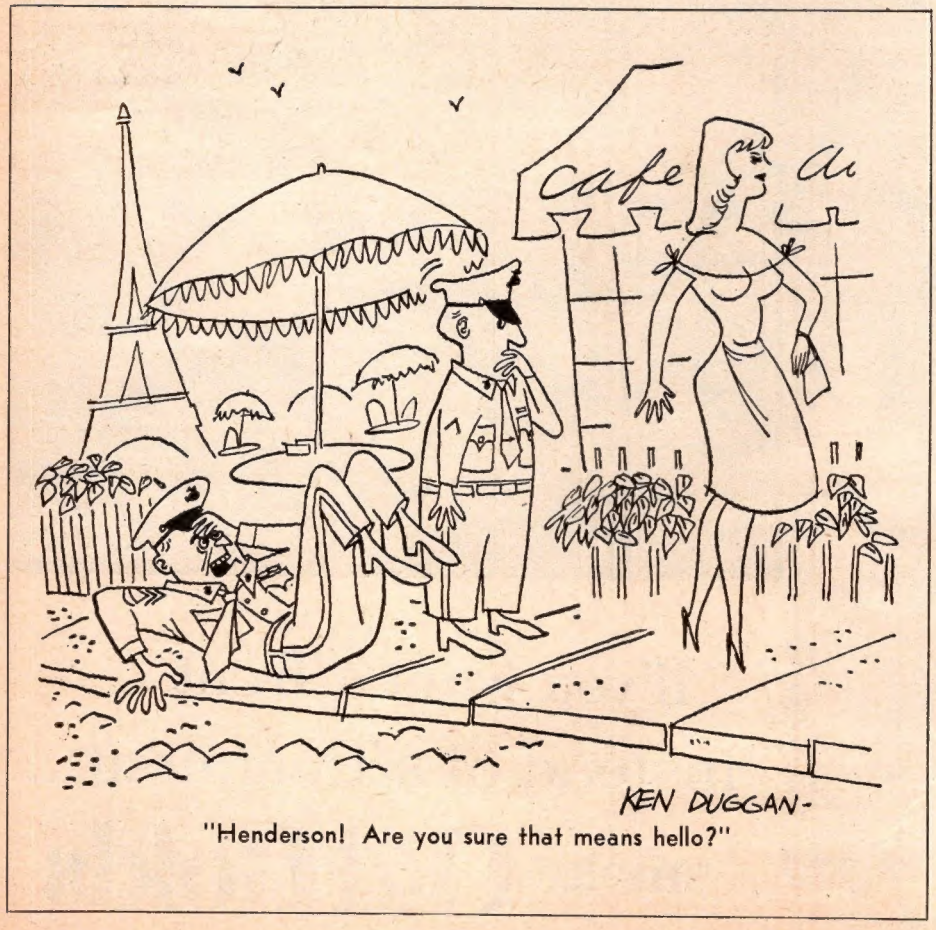
I am writing you to inform you of a scheme in the midst of the *Leatherneck* staff. I believe that you have a Sgt. Bristow of Tupelo, Miss. He is planning to overthrow the Union. Ever since he has been old enough to think (21) he's been trying to figure out a way to beat the North. There is a saying "If you can't beat them, join them." So for the past three years he has been with the Marines, but only to learn tactics and propaganda.

Also, he's saving his money so that the South can rise again. He is learning about printing so he can print Confederate money. He has scattered throughout the Corps followers who are doing the same. When he starts his plan he will make the most of these Generals. Some of his top leaders will be: General G. R. Renshaw; General S. E. Brooks and Colonel Wigwarm Williams, the pint sized terror of Georgia. Bristow's strategy will be to make the whole North weak laughing at his cartoons and then rush his new Corps through before they can recover. He cut me in on the scoop because he needs men of my abilities. But I am loyal to the Union.

The best way to halt his plan is to talk him into shipping over long enough to reconvert him or let him die of old age.

Sgt. Ronald A. Appleget
"G" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines
First Marine Division, FMF
FPO, San Francisco, California

● *Bristow betrayed us. He accepted a discharge and is now bivouacked in Paris, grouping his forces.—Ed.*



"Henderson! Are you sure that means hello?"

NG TIME COUNTS

Dear Sir:

I would greatly appreciate it if you would settle a dispute that has arisen among some of the men stationed here.

I quote, in part, an excerpt from Change Number 2 of Marine Corps

General Order 127, regarding Eight-Year obligors; "except those persons who at the time of their initial entry subsequent to 19 June 1951 have had any amount of prior service in the Armed Forces of the United States, active or inactive, including the reserve components."

What I would like to know is this; is the National Guard considered in this excerpt or not? I enlisted in the Marine Corps on August 5, 1952, for three years, but served with the New York National Guard from 18 May 1948, to 29 March 1949, on inactive duty, i.e., attending meetings one night a week.

Now in August, 1955, when my present enlistment expires, will I be released with five years to do in the Reserves, or will my National Guard time affect this in any way?

Corp. William G. Durlacher
Marine Barracks, NAS,
Quonset Point, R. I.

● *By virtue of your prior service in the National Guard, you should have no period of obligated service following the expiration of your current enlistment. However, you should make certain, prior to the date you are due for discharge, that the Marine Corps has an official record of your previous service.—Ed.*

NAVY OCCUPATION MEDAL

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate it very much if you will put me straight on the following question: If a man goes on a Mediterranean cruise to Europe and stays in Europe for a period of three and one-half months, then is he entitled to wear the Navy Occupation Medal?

Corp. Amerigo A. Pantuso
H&S Co., 2nd Amph. Tractor Bn.,
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *Certain units and ships have been authorized the Navy Occupation Service Medal for their participation in Med cruises. However, in order to determine a particular individual's eligibility for this award, we would need to know the name of the ship or unit to which the man was attached.—Ed.*

BRONZE COLLAR ORNAMENTS

Dear Sir:

I have a problem. What is the scoop on wearing collar emblems? During the past summer we had an inspection and I fell out in khaki without collar ornaments and got the word that collar ornaments were to be worn at all times with khaki or tropical worsted.

Now I notice a lot of the troops are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

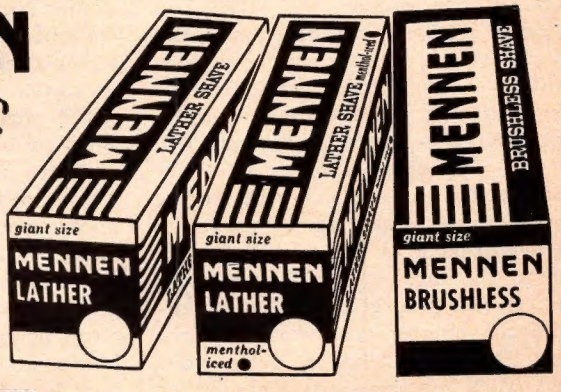
Makes her tired

Take it from glamorous Fran Keegan, men. "Stubble-bums get nowhere fast, with me. It makes me tired – meeting men who don't know the secret of smooth shaving! Why doesn't someone tell them about Mennen!"

Men, for really smooth, close shaves every time, you need Mennen. All three famous Mennen Shave products have a special beard-softening formula that really wilts whiskers, makes shaving easy even in the Awkward Zone!

MENNEN *shave creams*

for easiest shaving in the "awkward zone"



MENNEN FOR MEN

The Old Gunny Says...

"I ONCE HAD A SKIPPER who noticed that some of his sergeants were going ashore and making liberties with some of the Pfcs. Well, this skipper called in his sergeants and had a talk with 'em. He told these NCOs that if they wanted to play with the Pfcs, he would make them Pfcs, but if they wanted to be sergeants they had best run around with men of their own rank. Now, the skipper had a point there. The point involves the prestige and respect that a Marine NCO should have.

"We all know the old saying that, 'familiarity breeds contempt.' We know that colonels don't usually play around socially with lieutenants. That ain't because they wouldn't be able to get along with each other, and maybe even have a good time, but you can't be buddy-buddy with a guy over a few brews at night and then turn around and lower the boom on him the next morning if he isn't doing his job.

"So, you NCOs think about that a bit. I believe you'll see that in order to have the proper prestige, which should be part of your rank, you've gotta cultivate your men's respect for you. You can't do that by running a popularity contest or trying to be one of the boys.

"When you become an NCO you should be ready for new responsibilities and you should be given more responsibilities. These should mainly involve more duties as a leader and a supervisor. Every new step up in rank will set you somewhat apart from your men. At the same time it will require you to know more about your job and it will demand that you give more time to the care and welfare of your men. It will also give you an opportunity to supervise the work of more men. This doesn't mean doing your men's work for them. You should be able to give clear directions, show men how to carry them out if necessary and then supervise to see that the job is done properly. And supervision doesn't mean being flat on your back on a bunk while the working party mills around nearby.

"You will get the deserved amount of prestige and respect from your men by being fair and firm, by knowing your job and by carrying out your assigned tasks with spirit and enthusiasm.

"Being fair with your men involves giving them reasonable orders and giving them time and adequate tools to carry out the orders. Being fair also means distributing the work so that the details don't always fall on the same men. However, distribution of duties should also consider rank. Remember, 'Rank Has Its Privileges,' and NCOs should not be given menial details. In order for rank to mean anything, NCOs should learn to supervise and when possible they should not be expected to man the business end of a swab.

"To be firm you should know what is regulation and right. You should do what is right and you should give proper and clear orders and see that they are carried out immediately. This doesn't call for a lot of shouting and cussin'. If you have trouble getting your orders carried out, ask your next senior NCO to give you a hand. Don't go running to the lieutenant or the skipper with your troubles. The correct execution of orders is a problem of NCO leadership. We should keep such problems out of the front office.

"Part of your duty as NCOs is to show spirit and enthusiasm in everything you do—whether you really mean it or not. Support the Corps, your unit, your officers and your NCOs. If you beat your gums all the time, complain about the system, criticize your seniors, and act like a reluctant knothead, then your men will soon have the same attitude toward you.

"Another thing: you NCOs should give the new lieutenants a hand. Just because they're wearing bars doesn't mean they have all the answers. Most of them are the first to admit it. Most of them are trying to learn fast and they need your sincere assistance. We're all on the same team—and the junior officer who gets a good start will be the officer who seldom harasses his troops with nonsense. Many of our best officers have been guided along the way by good NCOs. You've gotta admit that over the years it's been a good partnership. But helping the J.O.s doesn't mean trying to be buddies with them. Be frank and honest with the J.O. but don't slap him on the back.

"Well, what've we said? A good NCO can't be one of the boys and be respected too—as a rule. Prestige comes from knowing your job, taking responsibility, and supervising fairly and firmly the execution of orders. Show some spirit and enthusiasm in your work—and give the lieutenant some honest help. You too may be a new J.O. one day." **END**

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

wearing collar ornaments on their shirts with greens (with and without jacket).

I would appreciate any information you may furnish on this problem.

TSgt. David H. Blair
MABS-15, MAG-15, Box #A,
Marine Corps Air Station,
El Toro, Calif.

● *Chapter 49, MCM, Figure 49-3 (Rev. 11/10/52) should furnish the information you desire. Chapter 49 makes no provisions, however, for wearing collar ornaments on the shirt when the green coat or jacket is worn. —Ed.*

COMBAT PAY

Dear Sir:

Having applied for combat pay for the second time on August 18, 1953, and receiving no information about either, I would appreciate it very much if you'd make a check and supply me with any information you receive.

SSgt. G. W. Frazier
Marine Corps Recruiting Station
46-02 21st Street,
Long Island City 1, New York

● *Combat Pay Section, HQMC, says that your claim was approved for the amount of $315.00 and returned to the Commanding Officer of the organization from which the claim was submitted. Therefore, we suggest that you contact that organization in an effort to locate the claim. Once the approved claim has been located, present it to your disbursing officer for payment.—Ed.*

STATUS OF DRAFTEE

Dear Sir:

I would like to know the status of a draftee after his release from active duty. Will he be subject to call at any time during his six-year reserve obligation, or will it take an Act of Congress to recall all draftees?

The Army has not called back any released draftees as far as I know. In other words, will I find myself back in the Marine Corps some day when friends of mine who were selected for the Army are not called?

Pfc David G. Holtz
VMIT-20, MTG-20,
Marine Corps Air Station,
Cherry Point, N. C.

● *Under present law, the READY reservists can only be recalled by an Act of Congress.*

If less than the total membership

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

Ease That Tension...

chew fresh-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Until your order is called, chewing a little stick of Wrigley's Spearmint will go a long way to make time pass more quickly... hold back those "ready-line jitters." Its lively flavor satisfies your sudden yen for "something good," and the pleasant chewing freshens your taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

KEEP A PACK IN YOUR POCKET

AH65

Established in 1918

A. M. Bolognese & Sons

TAILOR AND HABERDASHER
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Specializing in Evening Clothes Civilian and USMC Uniforms

Servicing Marines both Overseas and at Stateside Posts

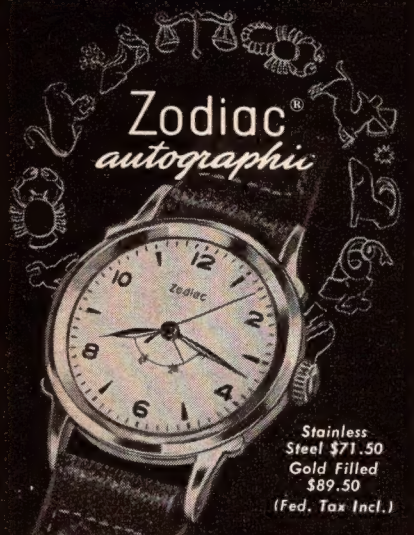
Uniforms made to measure. Delivery time ranges from three to thirty days

Engraved Cards Available With Plate

Approved Swords For Immediate Delivery

Campaign ribbons sewn by hand.

The World's most modern watch



Stainless Steel $71.50
Gold Filled $89.50
(Fed. Tax Incl.)

HERE'S THE WATCH all America is talking about! Self-winding plus the exclusive Reserve Power Gauge . . . tells at a glance how long your watch will run. Super accuracy . . . incredible durability. See the Autographic at your dealer today.

17 jewels • water & shock resistant
anti-magnetic • sweep second hand
unbreakable crystal • radium dial

An Official Watch Swiss Federal Railways

Zodiac

ZODIAC WATCH AGENCY • 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17
A Division of Edward Trauner, Inc.
Also Distributor of World Famous Clebar Watch

MORE MARINE OFFICERS
WEAR INSIGNIA
BEARING THE
H-H TRADEMARK
than all others combined.

There must be good reasons for this overwhelming preference.

HILBORN - HAMBURGER, INC.
Sole Manufacturers
15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

CORPS QUIZ

1. *The first Marine officer appointed in 1775 was:*
   (a) John Trevett
   (b) Samuel Nicholas
   (c) Robert Mullan

* * *

2. *The Confederate Marine Corps was organized in:*
   (a) 1861
   (b) 1863
   (c) 1864

3. *The Corps was without a Commandant for nearly a month in:*
   (a) 1930
   (b) 1865
   (c) 1907

* * *

4. *A retired general wrote the controversial article, "To Hell with the Admirals." He was:*
   (a) James C. Breckinridge
   (b) Smedley Butler
   (c) Albertus W. Catlin

5. *Marine aviation produced _____ aces in WW II.*
   (a) 95
   (b) 77
   (c) 120

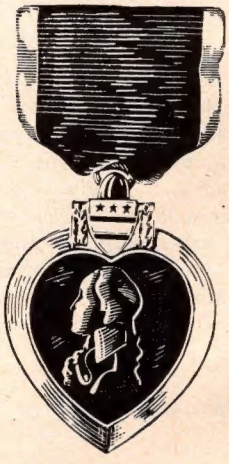
6. *The Marine Corps Institute was established in:*
   (a) 1920
   (b) 1927
   (c) 1931

* * *

7. *_____ is credited with inventing dive bombing.*
   (a) U. S. Marine Corps
   (b) Army Air Corps
   (c) Britain

* * *

8. *Marines won 80 Medals of Honor in WW II. As of December 21, 1953, _____ Medals of Honor were authorized for Marines in the Korean War.*
   (a) 39
   (b) 19
   (c) 23



9. *Gen. Washington originated the Order of the Purple Heart in 1782. It was revived by the President in:*
   (a) 1918
   (b) 1932
   (c) 1945

* * *

10. *The Marines were first called upon to protect the U.S. Mail in:*
   (a) 1923
   (b) 1919
   (c) 1921

For answers see page 80.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 7]

of the READY Reserve is to be called there must be a determination as to whom among the READY reservists will be ordered to duty. Because of the hardship situation developed by the Korean hostilities, READY reservists with the least family responsibilities and the least previous exposure to hazardous duty will be the first called. —Ed.

ADDRESS OF DEE HARDY

Dear Sir:

I am stationed in Japan at the present time and I've been pretty lonely these past few months. In your October, 1953, issue of *Leatherneck*, you have a picture of a very pretty young lady by the name of Miss Dee Hardy, and I was wondering if there is a possible chance of getting her address through you.

I find Miss Hardy very attractive, and I would appreciate it very much if you could send me her address so I can correspond with her through the mail.

Pfc George A. Sanderson
H&S Co., 9th Marines,
Third Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *Sorry, but Miss Hardy's address did not accompany her photograph. You may, however, be able to obtain her address by writing to the Information Officer, U.S. Marine Corps, Department of the Pacific, 100 Harrison Street, San Francisco, Calif.—Ed.*

MARINE CORPS INSIGNIA

Dear Sir:

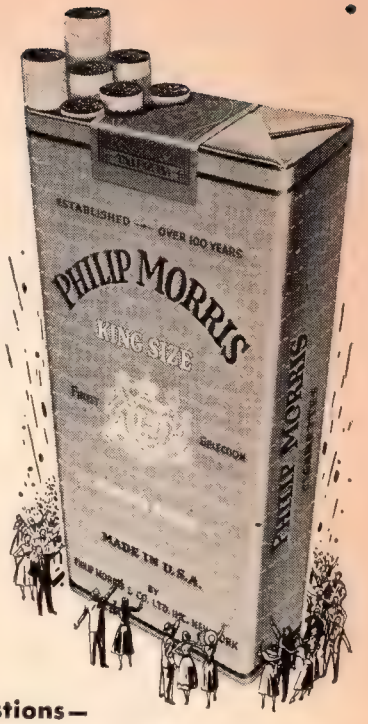
Being a gung ho type Marine, it discourages and dismays me to discover that I know next to nothing about the origin and designer of the insignia worn on caps and collars of the Marine uniform.

Name withheld by request

● *The present Marine Corps globe, eagle and anchor emblem was adopted in 1868. It was inspired by the British Royal Marine emblem which consists of a globe surmounted by a crown and surrounded by a laurel wreath. The Royal Marine emblem depicts the Eastern hemisphere so it was only logical for the U.S. Marines to choose their side of the world (Western hemisphere) for their ornament. The designer of the Marine Corps emblem is reported to have been a Washington, D. C. jeweler*

TURN PAGE

Be WISE About
KING SIZE



Ask yourself... Do you have all this with your present cigarette?

- Clean, fresh taste after smoking
- Full enjoyment of food
- Freedom from cigarette cough
- Mouth and throat comfort
- All day smoking enjoyment

If you answer "NO" to ANY of these questions—

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO PHILIP MORRIS!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

KING-SIZE or REGULAR!

"I like to make a fresh start with every girl."

LEATHERNECKS GO FOR Spiffy INVISIBLE collar "STAY-DOWN"

Millions of men in all branches of the Service—officers and privates—wear SPIFFY collar "Stay-Down" because it **really** keeps collar points down. Makes uniforms look snappier—eliminates starching of shirts, saves laundering. Self-adjustable to all collar lengths.

Standard Spiffy, **25c**
Deluxe 24 kt. electro gold plated Spiffy, **50c**

Prevents Collar Curl

at your Marine Exchange

CREST SPECIALTY • Chicago 16

Pay Less Now! SAVINGS TO 30%

COMPLETE AUTO INSURANCE

GREATER COVERAGE FOR LESS MONEY

IMMEDIATE SAVINGS UP TO . . . 30% . . . from prevailing board rates which apply in your territory can be YOURS on this complete, low cost Automobile Insurance Policy. GOVERNMENT SERVICES INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS can reduce costs to you because they deal direct with a highly selected and specialized class of policy holders. Protection against loss from bodily injury and property damage, liability . . . medical payments . . . accidental death . . . comprehensive personal liability . . . comprehensive fire and theft coverage. Covers collision damage to your car. Covers towing. Available ONLY TO officers and 1st 3-grade non-commissioned officers. FORMER MARINES THAT KNOW YOUR PROBLEMS HANDLE YOUR POLICIES.

Household and Personal Property Policy

This Floater Policy covers everything personal anywhere in the U. S. or abroad. It protects your household goods, clothing, uniforms, furniture, jewelry, and valuable personal effects. Insures you against 14 named perils. Greatest coverage protection at lowest cost.

CAN YOU QUALIFY?

GOVERNMENT SERVICES INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS
(NOT AFFILIATED WITH U. S. GOVERNMENT)

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS

21 CORNER CROCKETT & PRESA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
Name .....
Address .....
Age.. Rank..... Married... Single...
Car Description..... Annual Mileage...
Business Use?..... Driver's Age.....
2 Great Policies for Marine Corps Personnel

SOUND OFF (cont.)

although no documentary substantiation has been discovered which definitely verifies his name.

Prior to 1868, Marines wore various emblems, depending chiefly upon the style of hat that their uniform prescribed. From the Revolutionary cockade, they progressed through square plates, eagle plates and shields. With the exception of the Civil War period (1859-1868), the eagle was featured on all Marine insignia.

Of interest, however, is the fact that the Marine button has remained basically the same since 1815.—Ed.

DEPENDENTS' ALLOWANCE

Dear Sir:

After reading your very interesting magazine, I feel that you might be able to help me.

My son is a Pfc in the Marine Corps. He enlisted after his father passed away. He had started college in September, 1953, but left it after only three weeks, enlisting at 18½ years of age because of his father's death and the idea of possibly being drafted. He felt that it was better to enlist so that I would not have to pay a year's tuition. Because if he should have been drafted, I would have lost that money which I could not afford.

My husband was a veteran of World War I, and I get a pension of $48 per month. But I was told by the VA that I am not entitled to any more money for my son because I could not prove the fact that he contributed 51 per cent of the family income before he enlisted. Now I ask you, how could a boy 18 years of age contribute 51 per cent of the family income?

Please let me know through your magazine just what is what.

Many thanks.

Name withheld by request

● *From the contents of your letter, we assume that you are referring to the Dependents Assistance Act of 1950.*

Paragraph 3a of Marine Corps Bulletin Number 11-51 states: "For a father or mother of an enlisted servicemember to quality as a dependent for the purpose of quarters allowance under the provisions of this act, it must be clearly established that one or the other of the following exists:

(1) "The father or the mother is in fact dependent on such service-member for more than one-half of his or her support, and as such is prepared to submit proof that such dependency has existed for the preceding six-month period.

(2) "Due to a change in circumstance the father or mother is now in fact dependent on such member for over half of his or her support, and as such is prepared to submit proof that such dependency now exists."

Accordingly, it appears that Subparagraph (2) would apply in your case. However, in order for you to receive this allowance, your son must first initiate a request for dependents allowance through his company commander.—Ed.

NAME THIS BEAUTY

Dear Sir:

Would you please furnish me the name of the girl in the dark bathing suit on page 71 of the December, 1953, issue of your magazine? The picture appeared under the heading of "We—The Marines." I am very curious as to her name and nationality.

Pfc John C. Griffitts
HD-1, Disbursing,
First Marine Aircraft Wing, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *Unfortunately, we do not know her name or address. We are publishing your letter and her picture with the hope that someone may be able to furnish the information you desire.—Ed.*

ACQUIRES NEW TOUR

Dear Sir:

I would like some information regarding my husband who is serving with the Third Marine Division in Japan.

I have been informed that the Ma-

rines' tour in the Far East is from 12 to 14 months. As he had just completed six months in Hawaii, will that time be counted as overseas duty and thus shorten the length of time he would have to serve in Japan?

Mrs. James P. Nissen
825 Oxbow Lake Road,
Route #5,
Milford, Michigan

● *The six months your husband served in Hawaii definitely count as overseas time but they cannot be subtracted from his 14-month tour of duty with the Third Marine Division.—Ed.*

WANTS PLAQUE

Dear Sir:

I am writing you in reference to the time I was at Camp Pendleton training for Korea. At this time, a firm went around to all the companies and showed the plaques which they had made. These plaques contained your name, outfit, and all ribbons received during the Korean campaigns. I believe that they were selling for about $20 at that time.

I was wounded in Korea and was discharged from the Marine Corps, but I am a patient at the Veterans Hospital in Boston, Mass., now. I would like to secure from you the address of this firm as I would like to send for one of these plaques. I would appreciate your help very much.

Sgt. Ralph B. Gavin (Ret.)
46-A Cedar Street,
Roxbury 19, Mass.

● *We do not have the address of the firm you refer to. However, you may be able to obtain the information you need by writing to the Information Officer, Marine Barracks, Camp Pendleton, California.—Ed.*

REQUALIFICATION

Dear Sir:

Paragraph 20300.2, Marine Corps Manual, states, "When an individual requalifies three times (not necessarily consecutively) as an expert with the service rifle, he will be awarded a requalification bar bearing the years in which the requalifications were made." We would like the following question answered.

Suppose during a five-year period a Marine's record looks like this:

1947—Expert
1948—Unqualified
1949—Sharpshooter
1950—Expert
1951—Expert

Does the Marine rate the requalification bar with the years 1947, 1950, 1951 on it? We maintain that a Marine

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

Our Official Ring

- DESIGNED BY THE MARINES
- Worn only by Marines and their wives or sweethearts—
- Endowed with the historical tradition of the world's finest fighting man.
- The official ring and an exact miniature for the sweetheart.

Sweetheart Ring . . .

"An exact miniature of your official Marine ring in 10 K gold for the girl you love."

SOLD ONLY THROUGH THE MARINE CORPS EXCHANGES AND THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
OLD STATE CAPITOL BUILDING
BATON ROUGE, LA.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY AND STATE_____

Your Size_____

Her Size_____

Prices include mailing charges and Federal Tax
No C.O.D.

☐ $27 for 10 K Gold Men's Ring
☐ $14.40 for Sterling Men's Ring
☐ $19.20 for 10 K Gold Marine "Sweetheart" Ring

BOOKS FOR MARINES

BATTLE CRY by Leon Uris. Best selling story of two-fisted Marines, from the 'Canal to Iwo. $3.75

GUIDEBOOK FOR MARINES. Valuable and popular reference manual for all grades. $1.50

* * *

Any book in print—you name it—we'll find it.

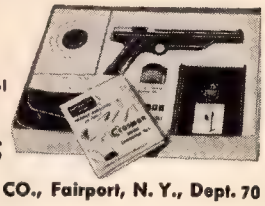
Send order to:

LEATHERNECK BOOK SHOP

P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

(LEATHERNECK pays postage.)

Crosman



Complete home pistol set and instructions for accurate indoor shooting. *Write For Catalog* **$14.95**

CROSMAN ARMS CO., Fairport, N. Y., Dept. 70

CAMERA FANS

Free For a limited time, we will send to service men any place in the world our 2-compartment

Free **FILM MAILERS VIA AIRMAIL**

Yes, at our expense, we will send a liberal supply of special 2-compartment mailers via airmail. Each mailer holds up to five rolls of film. We return all finished work via airmail.

AIRMAIL A CARD TODAY

JAXS PHOTO SERVICE

BOX 9021, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

ATTENTION MARINES!

Save 20% to 50% on diamonds, major appliances, and all nationally advertised silverware. Compare our prices on your sterling pattern. Write or phone:

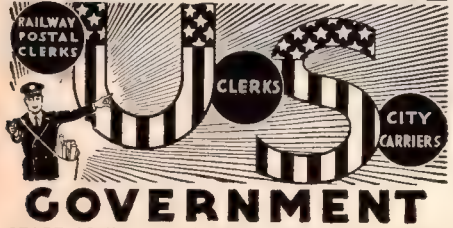
ST. 6762

REVERE JEWELERS

735 13th Street, N. W.

Washington, D. C.

WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT



START AS HIGH AS $3,795.00 YEAR—Many Appointments To Be Made. Experience Usually Not Required. MEN—WOMEN. Mail Coupon Today—Sure.

Coupon

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. L-59, Rochester 4, N.Y. (Not Government Controlled) Sirs: Rush without charge, (1) 36-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs after discharge.

Name .....

Address ..... Age? .....

Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Corp. William J. Bolich, Hdq., 2d Prov. Cas. Bn., FMFPac, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from **Corp. Mitchel C. RANKIN.**

* * *

Mrs. Ira Keith, Box #267, Ralls, Tex., to hear from anyone who served with her grandson, **Sgt. Page KEITH,** reported KIA while serving with "B" Co., 1st Tank Bn., First Marine Division.

* * *

Former Marine Charles Nitsch, Jr., 1044 Forest Ave., St. Louis 10, Mo., to hear from **Sgt. Ray CAVANAUGH,** and other buddies.

* * *

Monroe Mason, P. O. Box #21, Waldenburg, Ark., to hear from **Pfc Robert L. GROVES.**

* * *

Mrs. J. E. O'Conner, R. #5, Spartanburg, S. C., to hear from anyone having information concerning her son, **Pfc Edward M. O'CONNER,** reported MIA July 19, 1953, while serving with "I" Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division.

* * *

Former Marine Edward McCool, 11111 S. Talman Ave., Chicago 43, Ill., to hear from former buddies.

* * *

Former Marine Stanley Wojicki, 1741 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill., to hear from Marine **Raymond LWIEISZ.**

* * *

Pfc Ernest O. David, Sta. Oper. Sqdn., MCAS, Miami, Fla., to hear from **Pvts. Daniel J. GATELY** and **James J. HESSION.**

* * *

Miss Mary Duncan, R. #1, Box #328, Chadbourn, N. C., to hear from **Sgt. Joseph KRISTOFELD** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Mrs. Catherine Roseboom, 1619 Winfield St., Indianapolis, Ind., to hear from anyone who knew her son, **Pfc Richard E. BUSTLE,** who died of wounds July 25, 1953, while serving with "I" Co., 3d Bn., 1st Marines, First Marine Division.

* * *

Mrs. Edna Coyner, West Augusta, Va., to hear from anyone having information concerning her son, **Pfc Allen B. COYNER,** reported MIA in November, 1950, while serving with 32d Inf. Regt., Seventh Division.

* * *

Mattie B. Brown, 3018 Enella St., Houston 10, Tex., to hear from **Alonzo WILLIAMS,** believed to be serving with a Marine aviation unit.

* * *

Sgt. George T. Burns, MAG-14, 2d MAW, ALF, FMF, Edenton, N. C., to hear from **Pfc Ray GIBSON.**

* * *

Sgt. and Mrs. John Varey, 8 Norwood St., Newark 6, N. J., to hear from **Sgt. Eugene (Squeeky) HATFIELD.**

* * *

Former Marine C. E. Randall, 230 Olmstead Ave., Depew, N. Y., to hear from Marine **Michael S. SAMMON.**

* * *

Miss Marcia Crouch, 5311 R St., Coral Hills, Md., to hear from **Pfc Richard MANKIN.**

* * *

Pfc George R. Cabang, 3d Bn., 2d Inf. Regt., MCB, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Alexander MEDIEROS.**

* * *

Mrs. Loring Todd, 140 Wolfley St., Bowling Green, Ohio, to hear from anyone having information concerning her brother, **Pfc William T. LEWIS,** reported MIA March 26, 1953, while serving with "C" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division.

* * *

Miss Katherine Speid, Box #142, Orient, Iowa, to hear from **Corp. Harold A. SALTZMAN** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

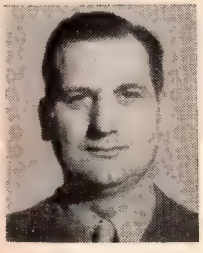
TSgt. Alan W. Bridwell, Marine Recruiting Office, Mankato, Minn., to hear from **Corp. Robert F. MOLITER** and others who served with 1st Bn., 1st Marines, First Marine Division in Korea during 1950-51.

END

Behind the lines . . .

AROUND PUBLICATIONS you'll find a select group who belong to that strange breed sometimes called "the boys in the back room" —although there may not even be a back room. This is your editorial staff—the talking, typing, traveling writers who stomp in, laden with notes and anecdotes, write their copy, meet their deadlines—then catch a plane for their next assignment. Although there are six desks in the back room, the owners of those planks don't sit still long enough to fill the back room with smoke. And that goes for our West Coast and Far East correspondents too.

But when they're here, they've got stories to tell, and we'll pass them on to you in this regular column, along with any other interesting dope we pick up during the month.



Heinecke

Master Sergeant Roy Heinecke had a sad story to relate in connection with the NARA LIBERTY article which appears on page 34. Seems that Army MPs in Nara were snowed when they saw Heinecke, *Master Sergeant "J" "W" Richardson* (*Leatherneck's* photographer half of the Far East team) and three young Marines apparently joyriding the streets of Nara in a borrowed staff car during working hours. No amount of explanation nor credentials could satisfy the dutiful MPs. The party was promptly apprehended and hauled into the provost marshal's office. After hours of waiting, however, a single phone call exonerated the "working party."

Richardson

When the same thing happened the next day, and they were again hauled up, kept waiting, then saved by a phone call, Heinecke called the thoughtful major who had provided the staff car and pleaded with him to take it back. The story was finished on foot and in an occasional hired cab. Big loser was Photographer Red Richardson—he had been robbed of hours of shooting sunshine.

In past years, some people (particularly coaches) have hinted that *Leatherneck's* All-Marine Football Teams are selected by fishing the required number of names out of a football helmet. This, of course, is untrue; we have employed crystal balls, ouija boards and tea leaves, but have never resorted to plucking candidates from a top piece. However, we eventually discovered that our own second guessing was not an airtight procedure. When three staff sports writers went over the hill, closely followed by a squad of irate mentors, we revised the system, and tossed the buck to the sports writers at the bases competing for the Marine Corps championship.

Suhosky

Now they *vote* home the winners.

This year, two blank ballots were sent to reporters at the eight major installations inside the Continental limits. When the ballots were returned, we merely totaled the votes and published the winners' names. The job of compiling the votes for the 1953 team named on pages 28 and 29 was easy for *Technical Sergeant Robert A. Suhosky*, our sports editor; he used an adding machine.

One of those things which happens once in the lifetime of a magazine happened to us last month. When Headquarters gave us the word that some of our readers had money lying around in a vault, just for the asking, we did a double take and tried to believe it. They convinced us; now, on page 55, there's a partial list of the names of those people whose memories *Leatherneck* will try to refresh. Beginning with this issue, we've started to print the names of the owners of more than 200,000 dollars worth of unclaimed bonds held for forgetful owners by Headquarters Marine Corps. This is the kind of service to readers that editors dream about but seldom, if ever, realize.

The CORPS QUIZ on page 8 made the rounds here at the office before we decided to print it. The answers are on page 80; hope your average is better than our . . .

Karl A Schuon

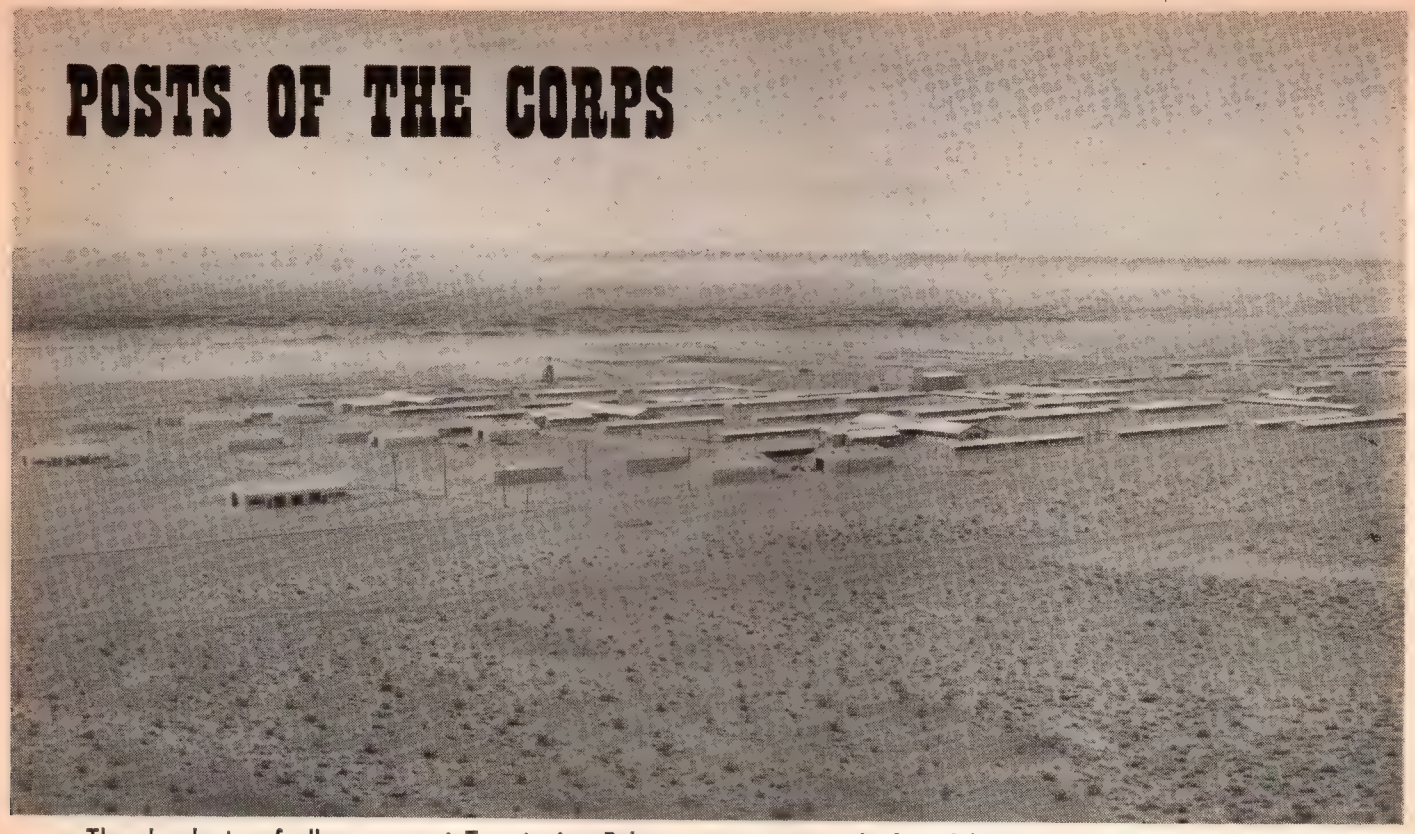
Managing Editor

AT YOUR CORPS EXCHANGE

No War Clauses

• In our twentieth year of service to the Armed Forces. Write for details.

Government Personnel Mutual Life Insurance Company
(An old line legal reserve company)
505 East Travis Street
San Antonio, Texas



There's plenty of elbowroom at Twentynine Palms. Six hundred thousand acres of it. The main camp, constructed of prefabricated sections, is one of the largest pre-cast concrete jobs undertaken in U.S.

Twentynine Palms

This new firing range for the Corps' artillery, anti-aircraft weapons and missiles could contain Lejeune, Pendleton, Quantico at the same time

FIRST YOU GO OUT into the desert and move about a million cubic yards of sand out of the way. There's a lot of it out there, but by moving just a paltry million yards of the stuff, you're ready for the next step. You dig about 60 miles

Housing aboard the desert post has helped to take care of the needs of the married personnel to date.

A 294-unit Wherry project is scheduled to be built on the station for future use. Rents are reasonable

of trenches and lay sewer, water and gas lines.

Now you're ready for a bit of surface work. Bring in the road-building crews with their equipment, and weave 14 miles of blacktop roads on the desert's surface. Electrical installation is next; sink hundreds of poles into the area, and wire for sparks and sound. Now add a few million tons of concrete, and you've got the makings of Marine Corps Training Center, Twentynine Palms, Calif.—one of the newest, most modern military installations in the world.

The big gun boys of the Corps have long been troubled with a problem that's become more acute through the years. As artillery research developed guns which could fire faster and farther, the tentacles of civilization have moved in and eliminated the areas where these guns could be fired and tested. The post-war rapid expansion of the aircraft industry and the tightly-laced air pattern over Southern California made artillery firing even more precarious. So the powers-that-be began shopping around for an artillery site that would give them plenty of elbowroom for shooting and training. In the desert, six miles north of the sleepy resort town of Twentynine Palms, they found their place in the sun—with plenty of room left over. The Center will be the Corps' largest, unrestricted firing range for artillery, anti-aircraft and guided missiles. Its 600,000 acres could easily contain all of Camp Pendleton and Camp Lejeune, with Quantico thrown in for good measure. Aircraft traffic will be restricted over the entire area, enabling the artillery boys to pursue

by MSgt. Steven Marcus,
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
TSgt. Charles Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

TURN PAGE

TWENTYNINE PALMS (cont.)

their training and experiments with a minimum of interruptions.

The site of the new Marine camp is not altogether new to the military. The Army first used the desolate area as a glider training base, with the eternal winds whipping over the surrounding mountain ranges providing a constant source of power for the motorless aircraft. When the Army ended its glider program, the Navy moved in and established a gunnery training range. In 1946 the blueclads had moved their guns, gear and troops, and the camp was closed. When the Marine Corps sent its scouts out in the direction of Twentynine Palms, the reports which came back were all favorable. There was plenty of room out in the desert, only a few prospectors, mountain goats and rattlesnakes would be disturbed by the establishment of an artillery training center in that area. Preliminary high echelon pow-wows brought approval for the reopening of the camp and surveyors and engineers moved into the desert.

Back in Washington, plans for the building of a 7500-man establishment were rolling at top speed. Cost, durability and maintenance of a remote desert camp were three of the top considerations as Naval Engineers and HQMC mulled over the situation and possibilities. Conventional wooden construction was eliminated as unsuitable to the ravages of the desert. Brick construction was far too expensive. Finally, Neptune and Gregory, a firm of Pasadena, Calif., Architects and Engineers, came up with a design that fitted the bill as adequately as a Hollywood starlet fills her sweater. The plans called for a camp of prefabricated concrete construction, one of the largest pre-cast concrete jobs ever undertaken in the U. S., and the first pre-cast military installation attempted. All structures—with the exception of a few instruction buildings and storehouses—were to be of the concrete construction, and the cost-per-man would be far less than any other type that could be erected. The plans were given final approval and bid requests went out to contracting firms.

Since the enterprising project was too large for any one contractor to undertake, the construction was jointly awarded to four contractors, and a handful of sub-contractors. Before the first drop of concrete was churned in the mixers, each area and structure of the camp was carefully laid out—the result: Twentynine Palms Training Center is the most precise establishment in the Corps.

Even the greenest recruit with two left feet would have difficulty losing his way at the new Center. All administration buildings are placed approximately East to West, while barracks, storehouses and other structures have been erected North to South. The camp is laid out as six semi-independent, identical battalion areas. Each area has its own administration building, barracks, messhall, warehouses, instruction building and vehicle and equipment park. Each is separated from the others by the road net.

Once construction started, progress was rapid, with barracks going up at the rate of two per day. The tilt-up concrete construction is simple and fool-proof, and with the exception of the floor slab, is all pre-cast from more than 60 specially designed molds. After the floors have been poured and dried, the wall slabs are pre-cast on the floor, and after a drying and curing period, they are simply tilted up into place. When all wall panels have been erected, tie-in frames and rafters are poured on the spot. Roof panels which have been pre-cast at one central location are brought to the partly-completed building and lifted into place, and a fast cement patching once-over unites the building pieces into one solid structure. All slabs were strengthened by the addition of steel reinforcing bars. Handling the heavy, pre-cast slabs by hand proved impractical, and heavy-duty vacuum lifting equipment was brought to the job. Suction cups, with a pressure of 1500 pounds per square foot, kept a firm grip on each slab as a crane lifted it into place. The pre-cast construction is ideal for the desert climate. The buildings will require a minimum of maintenance, the concrete contains an insulating quality of its own, and the entire camp is practically fireproof.

All major construction on the camp is now in the final phase, and minor touches should all be in place by this month. Each of the six battalion areas will include 12 barracks build-

The hangar and control tower house the administration offices of camp headquarters. Twentynine Palms was formerly an Army glider base

Colonel Francis H. Brink, CO of the Training Center, refers to blueprints to check progress

ings, one administration building, one messhall with a 1000-man capacity, one instruction building, and four warehouses. Ten BOQs, a theatre, post exchange, recreation buildings, post office and fire station will be centrally located. The instruction and warehouse buildings—built of structural steel—are moveable, and if it becomes necessary to enlarge the Center in the future, the buildings can easily be shifted to enable each area to maintain its symmetry.

Procurement of water for a 7500-man camp posed a problem. The initial plan was to pipe water from the nearest source, 35 miles away, at a cost of two million dollars. But before putting an O.K. on the pipeline project, the Navy went out into the desert with a well-drilling rig to see what was hidden beneath the sagebrush and sand. A few test drillings proved that they'd hit the jackpot—an underground lake, capable of supplying all the water requirements for the Center. A number of wells, ranging from eight to 12 miles from camp, were drilled, and all but three capped for future use. Two water storage tanks—each with a million gallon capacity—were erected on a slope overlooking the new camp, and water pumped from the wells into the storage area flows into the camp under its own power.

Seventeen acres of "lagoons" have been dug in the desert on the west side of camp as part of Twentynine Palms' water reclamation program

How to build a camp. Cement slabs for the prefabricated buildings are poured and cured in the desert sun before being assembled at camp

To preserve the water supply, a unique water reclamation program has been put into effect. On the west side of the Center, 17 acres of lagoons have been hollowed out in the desert, and all sewage and water disposal mains drain into this area. This water is treated and oxidized, and then repiped into camp for use in plumbing and future irrigation systems. Not a drop of water will be wasted at Twentynine Palms, although some of it is going to be shopworn from constant use.

But all is not milk, honey and tranquility at the Twentynine Palms Training Center. Even with the majority of the new buildings completed at the camp, it doesn't resemble the desert paradise of the travel folders put out by the nearby resort towns. The only vegetation that can be seen for miles around is the nondescript sagebrush and tumbleweed. The color green is alien to the locale, and as far as the

TURN PAGE

Convoys from Camp Pendleton continually roll into camp with needed equipment and supplies

A mobile postal unit provides troops with mail and money order facilities until post office is completed

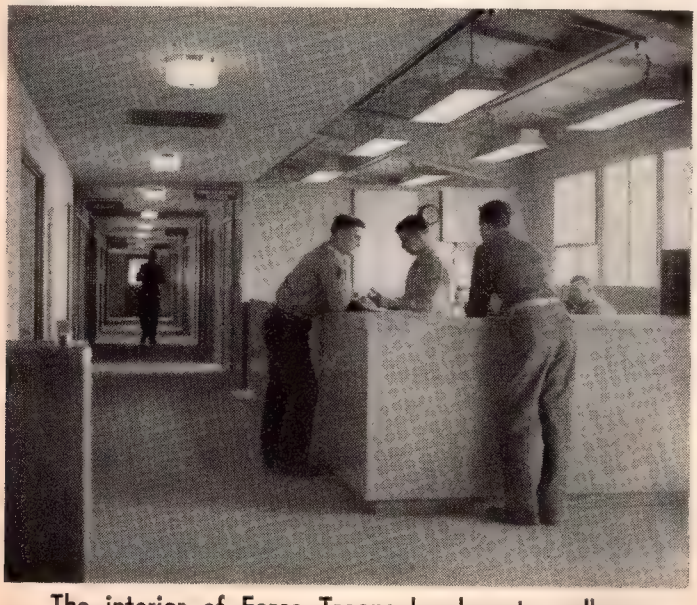
Crew studies the functioning of a 40-mm. gun at the Marine Corps Training Center, Twentynine Palms

TWENTYNINE PALMS (cont.)

Marines at the Center are concerned, it is primarily the color of the stuff that appears twice-monthly on the pay tables. In an attempt to add a bit of color to the landscape, and to keep the winds from blowing the base over the nearest mountain range, the Navy Department has agricultural experts at work to determine what vegetation will grow at the desert site.

According to the experts, a minimum of 15 inches of rainfall is necessary to grow any of the commonplace varieties of semi-desert plants. For the year of 1953, the rainfall at Twentynine Palms measured 1.51 inches, although nearby Chambers of Commerce smilingly point out that the average yearly rainfall does reach the 4.5 inch mark. The Navy's agricultural experts are still hard at work, but until they come up with an answer, the wind-propelled dust will continue to harass the troops, and spread a thick, gray coating on all things, indoor and out. A recent dust storm of unusual intensity drove clouds of dust through even the tightest walls, and did a neat job of removing part of the paint from most of the automobiles at the base. Windshields came in for their share of damage, as swirling sand left the glass with a milky, mottled appearance—fine for privacy, but not too good for driving.

Temperature variations run the gamut at Twentynine Palms. From a



The interior of Force Troops headquarters allows spacious, well-lighted arrangement for paper work

An M-42, one of the Corps' deadly new weapons, goes for a shakedown cruise on an ocean of sand.

Unlike the sands of Iwo, Twentynine Palms variety rates little or no respect. Sgt. Karako brushes up

Married personnel, like SSgt. James Crain, make use of small, well-stocked commissary on the station

mid-summer temperature in the high 120's, the thermometer falls to a coolish 13° in the winter months. Every building and barracks in the new camp is provided with a combination air conditioning-heating system. During the winter, the centrally-located blowers are reversed, and warm air instead of cool is forced into every structure of the camp.

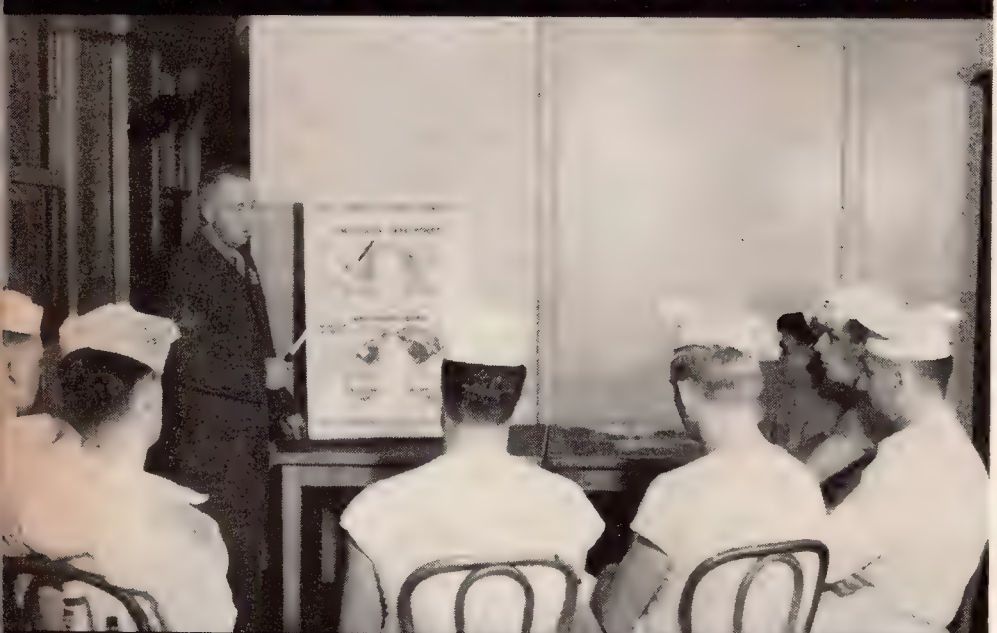
The first troops arrived at Twentynine Palms in August, 1952, when an advance echelon of headquarters troops from Camp Pendleton arrived and set up house in a handful of dilapidated, weather-beaten wooden structures left over from a previous regime. Administration offices were crowded into a hangar and control tower on the air strip, and Twentynine Palms was in business.

There is little air traffic at the Center, with two or three planes from El Toro and Camp Pendleton arriving and taking off each day. No facilities for refueling or maintenance are available, and most of the airborne visits are of short duration. But there is one exception. When Corporal Joseph Boyd, of Mobile, Ala., got his orders to Twentynine Palms, he decided that a two and a half day automobile trip would be too long and tiring. Instead, he bought a small, two-place airplane, and flew to his new station. At the end of the 21-hour hop, he landed at Twentynine Palms, taxied *(continued on page 74)*

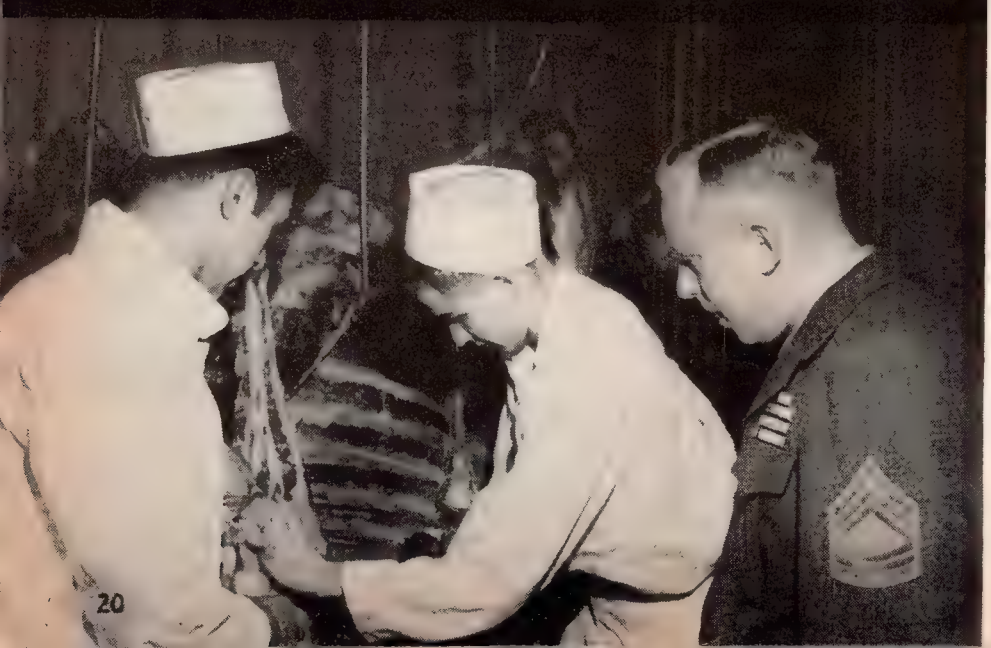
Assigned to the arid desert, enlisted men eat heartily in one of the six newly-equipped mess halls in the new camp. Each hall seats 1000 men

MPs and Highway Patrol cooperate. TSgt. Ralph E. Kesslar pulls cruiser duty

MSgt. Kirdy (Frenchy) Villemarette, Quantico, Va., mess sergeant, dishes out chow as MSgt. V. Ballinger, team member, supervises



How high temperatures can cause wasteful shrinkage of roasts is explained to cooks by MSgt. Paul T. Marcum, team's meat expert



FOOD

Roving galley sleuths solve mess sergeants' daily menu problems

LAST YEAR UNCLE SAM picked up a tab of over one and a half billion dollars to pay for the chow his troops ate. Second to pay, his grocery bill is the high item on the skyrocketing military budget. Soldiers and Airmen forked down over a billion dollars worth of food; Sailors ate up 350 million dollars in chow, while the Marine Corps' share of the tab totaled 80 millions.

How the Corps spends its share of this money is one of the major concerns of the Quartermaster General. To be sure that this astronomical amount of cash is efficiently translated into tasty, nourishing, wholesome food, with minimum waste, he sends teams of food experts to every Stateside mess-hall.

Four of General W. P. T. Hill's representatives call on each mess sergeant. One of these troubleshooters is an officer; the other three are senior NCOs. All are experts in the food field and collectively they bear the long title: Marine Corps Food Service Demonstration Teams. Like distant relatives, when they drop in—they've come to stay awhile.

"They are *not* inspectors," says General Hill. "They are just what their name implies: food service demonstration teams and their purpose is to see that the money we spend for food is used wisely and economically. These teams also strive to improve food preparation processes everywhere possible."

Food management has come a long way since its meager beginning in Revolutionary War days. No one complained about the cooking in those

Meat is costliest item on the menu. Its preparation must be skillful, with a minimum waste

TEAM

Story and Photos
by MSgt. Paul Sarokin
Leatherneck Staff Writer

days; every infantryman was his own cook and baker. He lined up for a ration of raw meat, flour, potatoes, rice and peas, cooked his own chow to suit his individual taste—then ate heartily. It cost General George Washington about ten cents to feed each of his soldiers their three meals.

The cost of feeding each man three meals today, exclusive of preparation, is called a ration value. It is based on the price of 32 basic commodities including meat, butter, eggs, vegetables and potatoes, and is computed separately by each post. Last December, Quantico, Va., a typical large base, operated its mess halls at 91% of a monthly ration value of $1.0378, or about 95 cents per man. Present policy is to permit smaller mess halls—those with less than 200 men—to operate at full ration value. Larger bases which can effect greater savings by buying in larger quantities, operate at a percentage of their full ration value.

All mess halls east of the Mississippi, the Marine Detachment, Naval Station, Argentia, Newfoundland; and Marine Barracks, Naval Base, Gitmo Bay, Cuba are visited by the East Coast Food Service Demonstration Team. In addition, this crew extends a hand to the West Coast team by crossing the river to check the chow at the Marine Barracks, NADs, Hastings, Neb., and McAllister, Okla. The West Coast team takes care of the rest of the U.S., plus Marine Corps facilities in Alaska and Hawaii.

"Even though they always know when we're coming," says the officer-in-charge of the East Coast team, "mess sergeants sometimes eye us about

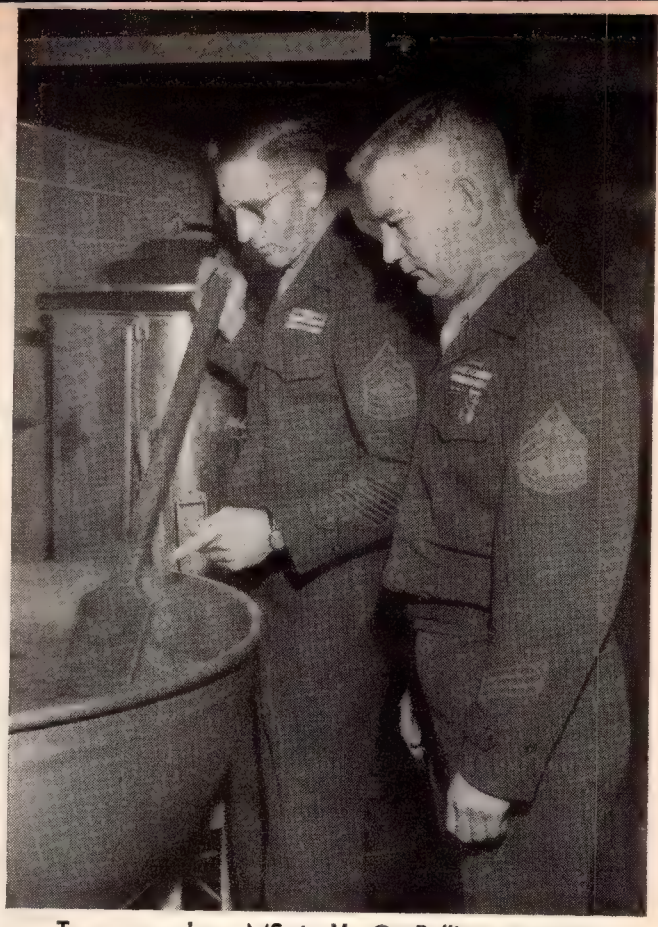
TURN PAGE

Mess Sergeant Erwin H. Colville shows his cooks proper method of preparing ground meat. MSgt. V. G. Ballinger checks for flaws

Baking expert, MSgt. James F. White, wields artistic brush while he demonstrates how bakers should prepare appetizing hot rolls

Quantico projectionist checks picture sequence with team. Cooks and bakers view 7 films

Meat expert Marcum checks ingredients and method used in grinding hamburgers at Quantico mess hall



Team member, MSgt. V. G. Ballinger points out proper soup consistency to TSgt. Coleville

FOOD TEAM (cont.)

the same way a cobra looks at a mongoose. It usually takes us a little while to break the ice and convince the men that our sole purpose is to help *them* prepare better food."

When a food team checks out of a station, two weeks later, troops can't overlook its results. Sometimes a vegetable bar has been introduced to calorie conscious posts; carrot sticks, sliced tomatoes, pickles, cheeses, lettuce wedges and a variety of tempting dressings step up appetites. The mashed potatoes may have become smoother or fluffier; the pastries more crisp, with fresh, instead of canned, fruits added—and all the meals seem to have more eye appeal. Greater variety of tastier and more palatable meat cuts are now being served. More spices and condiments are available, and even the Joe seems to have a better aroma and more flavor. Morale, of course, automatically climbs.

When the East Coast team of efficiency experts calls on a mess sergeant they are well beyond the dabbler stage in mess problems. The four-man crew brings almost 70 years of mess management know-how into the mess hall along with their books, charts, films and lectures.

First Lieutenant Alexander F. Luther, a career mess officer with almost 20 years experience, is boss of the team. He was an instructor at the Food Service School, Camp Lejeune, N. C., before taking over the team.

Cooking expert is Master Sergeant Vaughn G. Ballinger, 25-year veteran of the Corps. To join the traveling team he left his mess hall at Cherry

Point, N. C., the largest mess hall in the Corps. Ballinger's thorough knowledge and background of food service makes him one of the top men in the mess field today. "In my opinion," says Lieutenant Luther, "Ballinger knows the food game as well as anybody in the business today. When he retires soon, the Corps will lose one of its top experts."

Meat cutting and butchering problems are left to Master Sergeant Paul T. Marcum, one of the Corps' leading mess sergeants who has spent most of his 13 years' service in mess halls. He once collected 14 mess pennants in camp competitions at Camp Lejeune, N. C.; his nearest rival had earned seven awards.

MSgt. James F. White's 12 years' baking experience helps him solve oven problems. He joined the team from the bakery at Cherry Point, N. C., where he bossed the ovens. He likes his job but since it is absolutely necessary for him to sample the pies and pastries at the various posts visited by the team, his weight has been steadily rising. Now he's on a diet but, somehow, his weight refuses to drop.

When the team checks in at a new station, they report first to the CO. Lt. Luther, armed with a letter from the Quartermaster General, outlines the mission and purpose of his team. Measures which will result in improved chow for the troops are discussed.

Every meal to be served during the following two weeks will be analyzed by the team for proper preparation. A daily training program including lectures, films and demonstrations, is put into effect for all mess personnel. The Master Menu is reviewed, gripes aired, and general mess problems are hashed and rehashed.

The team's film library of nine reels was prepared by the Army Signal Corps

during World War II. Although times have changed since then, the principles covered in Meat Cutting; Cooking; Food Storage; Care of Equipment; Conservation of Food; and Personal Hygiene and Sanitation, remain unchanged.

Probably the most important accomplishment as a result of these teams is in the meat cutting field. Since most mess hall reefers receive meat in large fore and hind quarter sections, it is necessary for mess sergeants to do their own meat surgery. *How* this meat is cut is vital. If it is cut according to the book, the steaks and chops can be tender. If it is cut by bandsaw, without regard to bone anatomy and without a thorough knowledge of meat cutting, the steaks can be stringy, tough, and unpalatable. And morale, incidentally, will probably stoop that day.

Here's a tip from these experts: They recommend that meat first be separated according to the type of heat necessary to prepare it—dry or moist heat. Dry heat is the term used for cooking without the addition of moisture to the meat. Examples are oven roasts, grilled and broiled meats. Moist heat —the term applied to cooking with steam or water—is used for pot roasts or Swiss steaks.

The degree of heat used is an all important factor in resultant taste and economy. As a general rule, the higher the heat, the greater will be the shrinkage. CWO Daniel R. Lebsock, who prepares the Marine Corps' Master Menu—one year in advance—says:

"There is a direct relationship between oven temperature and meat shrinkage. The higher the temperature the greater the shrinkage is a rule we can't stress too highly. Lowering the oven temperature from 425 to 325 degrees can result in a 12% saving in shrinkage. And the meat prepared at the lower temperature has an improved flavor since the natural juices are sealed in more slowly. So the mess sergeant who starts off his daily menu too late in the day, and tries to catch up by raising the flame in his ovens, fights a battle which he can never win."

If this 12% saving in meat—which is the most expensive item on the menu —is multiplied by the Marine Corps' 167 Stateside mess halls, the amount of waste involved can be staggering.

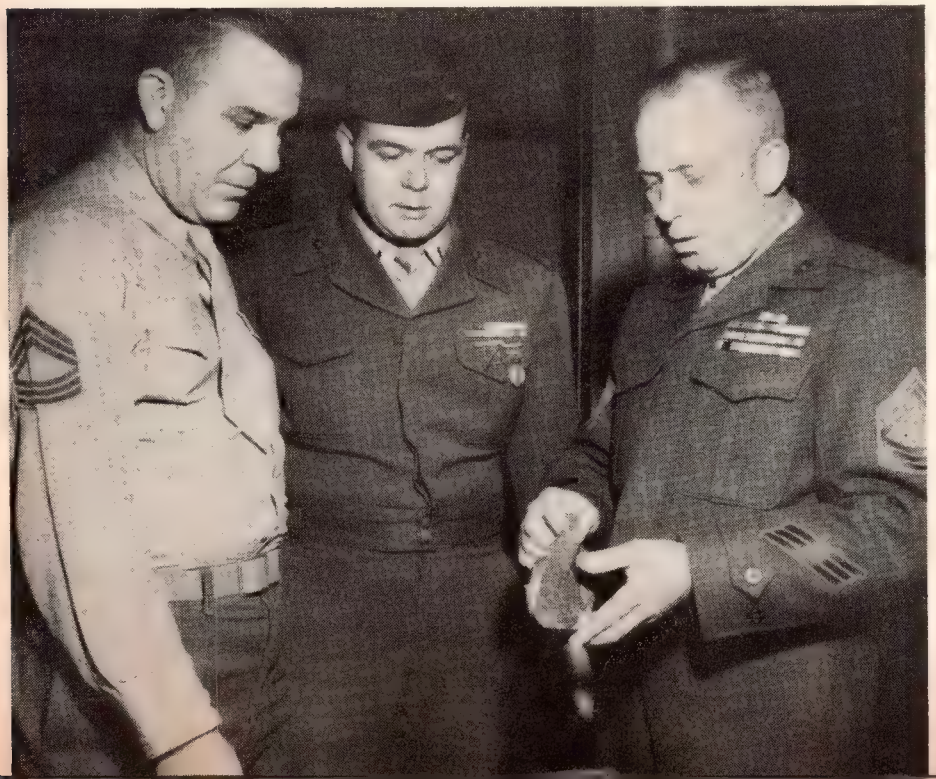
Proper meat carving is also a concern of the food teams. Food experts recommend a sharp knife, which results in less wasteful shredding and produces even slices. The knife must be used across the grain of the meat. Otherwise, the tough, unpalatable connecting tissues are concentrated in a few single slices rather than apportioned equally and almost unnoticeably in each slice.

Sharpening gear is examined at each post butcher shop. No grindstones or emery wheels are tolerated. These devices destroy the temper of the steel and cause cutlery to lose its edge shortly after it has been sharpened. Recommended sharpening technique is the use of oil stones and a sharpening steel—the long tapering file-like device which is familiar equipment in all good meat markets.

Overstocking of dry store inventories, says the team, is sheer wastefulness. Mess sergeants are discouraged from this practice. It is pointed out that fresher foods are available for troops if restocking occurs more frequently.

Among meat discrepancies common at most posts the team found the following: liver is often served unskinned and is cut too thick; meat for hamburgers has been ground too coarse (this causes the meat to become tough); roast beef is sometimes cut too small (it should be cut in at least

TURN PAGE



Food team OinC, Lt. Luther, MSgts. Marcum and Smith confer on the meat problem

Food team checks in with Capt. Alfred E. Montrief, Food Director MCS, Quantico, Va., prior to beginning food improvement program

FOOD TEAM (cont.)

6 to 8 pound roasts for minimum shrinkage); veal cutlets are being cut by bandsaw, rather than by knife; gristle, bone and fat are often not removed; and butchers often throw away bones rather than save them for soup stocks or gravy.

When and how to use salt is also important to a mess sergeant. Salting meat while cooking draws out natural juices and is recommended only in the preparation of stew or when gravy is desired.

Mess sergeants are encouraged to do their own baking whenever possible. This gives the Marine Corps complete control over all ingredients used and assures a sufficient quantity of fruits and food value components often omitted from commercial baking because of expense. Pastries purchased on the open market were sometimes found to contain too much corn starch and insufficient fruit. "The Marine Corps Recipe Manual," says Lt. Luther, "is the best guide for food preparation. So far we haven't been able to find any mess sergeants who can improve it."

When the team bakes rolls and pastries to give inexperienced bakers a lesson, the differences among flours, sugars and shortenings are explained. Each must be used for a specific purpose.

For cakes, soft wheat flour is recommended; for bread and rolls, hard wheat flour proves best. High ratio, emulsifying-type shortening is best for tender pie crusts. And fine, granulated sugar has been time-tested as the proper ingredient for making fluffy cakes. Some mess sergeants, according to the team, don't understand the differences in grades of flour, shortenings and sugars. A balanced formula will keep bread fresh longer. After it has been baked, temperature and humidity control will keep the bread from molding.

Most common cooking errors, according to MSgt. Ballinger, are these: Cooks fail to hammer flour into Swiss steak prior to searing. This causes meat to lose much of its natural juices. In preparing stews and pot roasts, cooks sometimes fail to brown the meat before cooking, causing a loss of flavor. Too much water is often added to pot roasts, and they are often cooked with the lid off, causing uneven cooking.

If you have wondered why your coffee doesn't always taste right, you might try these tips to improve the flavor. Coffee grounds should never be exposed to air longer than necessary since air deteriorates the flavor. Improper mixtures of water and coffee result in alternately too strong and too weak blends. And water that has been boiled a long time should never be added to fresh grounds, says the team, or it can cause a flat tasting drink. On the other hand, if the water is not hot enough, a strong flat taste may also result.

In its thoroughness, the team even checks garbage cans to see if excess food has been discarded. If so, it's the team's job to trouble shoot the reason and correct it. Troops are interviewed regarding their opinion of chow at each post. Plate waste control is also an important phase of the team's mission.

Among its accomplishments the team has brought standardization to cooking procedures, developed better tasting food and eliminated much guesswork in formulas. The team also observes and passes along any locally developed improvements in cooking and baking techniques.

Upon completion of the scheduled instruction, the OinC reports in person to the Supply Officer, and through the Supply Officer to the Commanding Officer, the problems encountered, the accomplishments of the team during their visit and recommended solutions for remaining problems. The OinC then prepares a report covering the period of visit which is submitted via official channels to the Quartermaster General of the Marine Corps. When one of the team's reports indicates that a mess hall is outstanding, General Hill commends the Commanding Officer on the mess situation at his post. Lieutenant Colonel W. R. Lucius, Head of the Subsistence Supply Section at Marine Corps Headquarters, says he is sold on the effectiveness of these teams and believes that they are here to stay.

"We know we're on the right track," says Col. Lucius, "because we sometimes get letters from wives and mothers of Marines who write us asking for formulas and recipes."

Since the Corps sent its first food teams around in 1947, pioneering the plan among the services, the idea has been gaining momentum. Now the Army and Navy have each instituted similar teams. Consideration is being given to broadening the idea to include administration, military justice, PX, and supply teams.

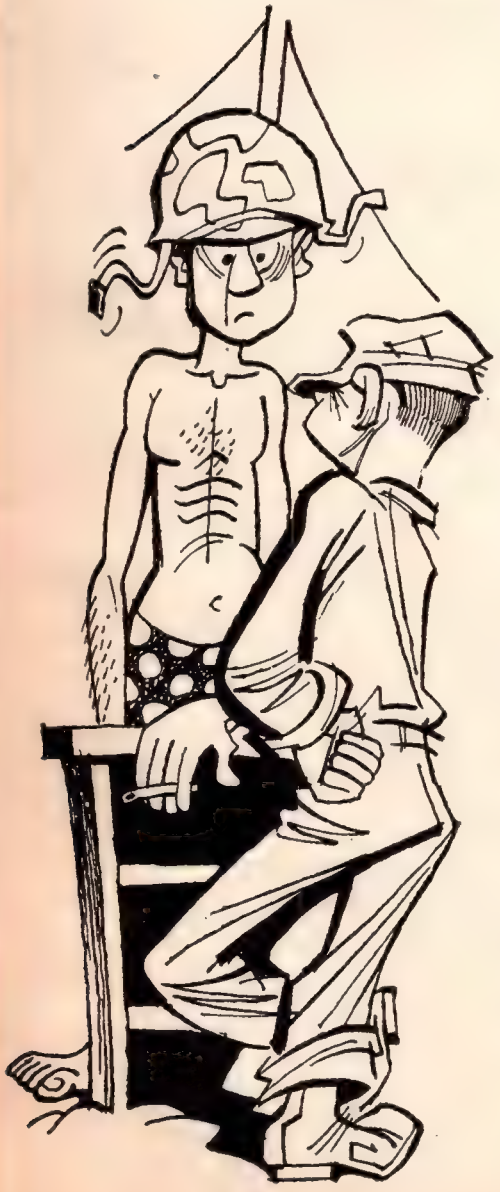
To do its job the team often has to get up with the bakers at 0400 when the ovens are started. Sometimes they are still in the mess halls after taps seeking elusive solutions to problems and working toward better, tastier meals.

Their reward: Men coming back for seconds and the gratifying knowledge that a better meal is now being served at every mess hall they have visited. And all this has been done at no additional cost to Uncle Sam. **END**

THIS IS HEADQUARTERS

Got A Requisition?

by MSgt. Robert T. Fugate
Leatherneck Staff Writer



It only takes a chit to draw gear from the QM but the Supply pipelines are varied and complex

"KINDA GOOD TO get back with the outfit. These R&Rs are okay but the cost of living over there is just too high for me."

"You never were much of a liberty hound, anyway, Alloway," I said. "I'll go along with you though; it does feel good to get back here and see everybody."

Corporal Jim Alloway and I had spent five expensive days in Japan on R&R, and even though we had both added another stripe just before we left for the rest, we found our money dwindling before our time was up.

"They can talk all they want to about the big exchange over there in Japan, but things cost more than they do in the States," Jimmy added.

We had just rejoined our outfit and were resting up from the resting up we had in Tokyo. I looked up and saw a Pfc I didn't recognize standing at the door of our tent.

"Hey, Sarge, the top wants to see you," he yelled; then he disappeared.

"Who was that?" Alloway asked.

"I don't know. Probably one of those new replacements who joined the company while we were over in Japan."

"Yeah, I heard we got a draft in while we were gone. A boot camp buddy of mine was supposed to be on this one. Wonder if he made it?" Jimmy said half to himself. "What does the top want with you?"

"How do I know?"

"What'd you do?"

"Nothing I can think of."

"There's one way to find out."

"How's that?"

"Go see him."

"Okay, wise guy," I said getting up from my sack and putting on my jacket. "If anybody comes looking for me tell them I'm calling on the first soldier."

"If they lock you up, I'll bring you some cigarettes," Jimmy shouted as I left the tent.

"My buddy," I told myself as I headed down the snowy hill to the company office.

"Did you want to see me?" I asked after I had knocked at the first sergeant's tent door and had been told to come in.

"Yes, Sarge. How was your R&R?"

"Pretty good, top. Only thing, it sure takes a lot of dough over there. Picked up some pretty good souvenirs though

TURN PAGE

for the folks back home. We ran into the Battalion Sgt. Major and he steered us right."

"He's the man who can do it. But I called you down here for a job. I'd like you to go along with the Gunny here and check the thermos boots of every man in this company. We just got a call from Battalion that they expected a shipment of boots in and I want every man in this outfit to have a good pair of boots. You can take down the names for the Gunny as he calls off the men who need to survey their boots."

"Okay, Sarge, let's shove off," the Gunny said to me. "We got a lot of territory to cover. Might as well start with the 1st Platoon and work right on down."

A couple of hours later we had covered the entire company area and I had the names and foot sizes of half a dozen men in the outfit who needed new boots. Among them was Alloway.

"Sarge, get another man to go along while I try to grab a ride down to the Battalion supply to draw the gear we need. As soon as you round up your helper meet me at the company office and we'll take off from there. And don't forget that list you have there of the men who need boots. Better pick up their old boots too, so we'll have something to survey. Now hop to it."

"Right, Gunny. I've got just the man to help us. My old *buddy* Alloway. We'll be up to the company office in about a half hour. Should we take our mess gear?"

"Better, unless you know somebody at Battalion whose gear you can bum. We'll have to eat lunch down there at least, the way I figure."

I ran up the hill and into the tent. "Alloway," I shouted as I entered the doorway, "get off that sack. I've got a job for you. Right now."

"Hi, Sarge. See they didn't lock you up after all. You were gone so long I thought sure they had you. Matter of fact I was just lying here reminding myself to gather up some cigarettes so I could drop them off to you at the bastille. What were you and the Gunny doing, checking boots?"

"Making a little work for you, wise guy. Now, get off that sack. Here are the names of everybody in the company who will survey their boots. Trot your little self out there and pick up their old boots. You, the Gunny and I are taking them down to Battalion to pick up some new ones. I'll meet you at the company office. I'll take your mess gear with me; the Gunny said we'd be eating chow down there this noon. Now hurry up. Old hashmark is waiting for us and you know he hates to be away from the area too long—afraid he'll miss something."

My newly purchased Japanese wrist watch timed Jimmy at just a shade over 20 minutes to pick up six pairs of boots. As he came steaming down the hill gasping for air he sounded off, "Pretty fast, huh? Practically ran all the way around the area."

"Yeah, pretty fast. You wait out there while I go inside for the Gunny."

At that moment, the Gunny walked out of the tent. "You lads ready? Pile into that battalion jeep over there. We're riding back with them."

A few dusty miles later we pulled into the Battalion CP and the driver dropped us at the supply tent. Sure enough, they had a shipment of boots in, and we were the first company to get there for the ration.

But they couldn't fit Alloway.

"Where did you get those odd-sized feet?" I asked. "You'll look funny with your toes sticking out—you could at least have a man's-sized foot."

"Aw, shut up. My foot has grown a full size since I joined the Corps. Took a size 6½ when I first came in."

"Take it easy, Mac," the QM Sgt. said. "We'll fit you, but we may have to go back to Division to do it. Let me call Regiment to see if they have your size in stock. Drop back after chow; maybe I'll have some dope for you by then."

"Right," says the Gunny real fast. "You two can secure until after chow. Visit some of your buddies here or do what you want to until 1300; then I'll meet you back here."

Promptly on the hour Alloway and I breezed back into the supply tent with the Gunny following close behind.

"Got bad news for you, Mac," the QM Sgt. said. "I checked with Regiment and they didn't have your size either. They checked with the rest of the battalions and hava no. Seems like there has been a run on all the small sizes. They just called me back to tell me the other Batts were out too."

"What do I do now?" Alloway asked.

"Not a lot you can do today," the QM Sgt. told him. "Stick around here for a while though. Regiment is checking with the Division Service Battalion to see if they can do us any good. They'll call me back as soon as they get the dope. Just a minute, there's the phone now. Water Glass Four. This is Snow. Yes, Water, what'd you find out? They do? Right. Tomorrow. While I got you on the line listen. I'm sending another list down today of some gear we need. See what you can do for us, will you, buddy? Right. Take it easy," he concluded as he hung up the phone.

"That was Regiment," he said turning to us. "Service Batt. can fit you out. Go down there tomorrow morning and tell them you're the man Water talked to them about—they'll remember."

"Okay, lads, let's see what we can do about getting back to the company before dark," the Gunny said. "As soon as you get back there check with the 1st Sergeant and tell him what you found out here. See if he can fix you up to go to Division tomorrow."

Three rides later we arrived back in our own area and both Alloway and I received permission to go to Division the next day to get a pair of boots.

Early next morning we checked out

and after walking half-way to the MSR we caught a ride with a tanker's jeep right into Service Bn. One question located the issue room for us and as we entered the tent Alloway piped up, "Hey, hog-head, what in the devil are you doing in QM?"

Hog-head, a buck sergeant, raced over and pounded Alloway on the back. "Boy, am I glad to see you. I was going to drop up one of these days, but this is even better. Just found out yesterday which outfit you were with."

Introductions were made. Hog-head was Jimmy's old boot-camp buddy who had just come in on a draft.

"How'd you ever get a plank like QM?" Alloway asked again. "And they gave you three stripes just so you could say, 'got some on requisition.' Here I am a fightin' man and I just got my second stripe."

"That's the way the ole ball bounces. But did you want something Corporal? If not, please clear out. We've got

work to do," Hoghead said importantly.

"Knock it off," Jimmy said. "I'm supposed to pick up a new pair of thermos boots, size 7½. Regiment called somebody down here about it yesterday and I'm supposed to pick them up today."

"So you're the guy. Got 'em tucked right under the counter here," he said as he pulled out a new pair of boots and handed them to Alloway.

"What's with it Sarge," I asked, "are small sizes hard to get, or something? Looks like the Corps ought to know about what sizes their men take. It ain't that big an outfit."

"I think I can answer that question for you Sergeant," said a Warrant Officer who had walked up at the time I asked my question. "Sure, the Corps knows what sizes to order, but ordering

the right sizes and getting them to the spot where one individual might want just that one size is a pretty complicated deal. Besides, we here in Korea draw our gear from both the Army *and* the Marine Corps."

"We do?" Jimmy asked. "You mean these aren't Marine Mickey Mouses?"

"Let's see," said the Gunner. "Yes, these happen to be. See the white USMC on the heel? The Army jobs don't have that label."

"How come the Army furnishes some of our boots?" I asked.

"They furnish a lot of your gear over here and you probably don't even know the difference. You see, they're supposed to furnish everything to the Marines in the Far East Command except those items which are peculiar to the Corps."

"What are *peculiar* items over here?" Alloway asked. "We use the same weapons, you told us the Mickey Mouses were about the same, and it's a cinch the ammo is just the same."

"Some of the ordnance isn't exactly the same," we were told. "Then there's your helmet cover. That's peculiar to the Corps. Your individual clothing is too. Then there's your pack, armored vest and armored diaper. They're all different from the Army's, so the Corps furnishes them. The thermos boot is now a common item; it's the same in both the Marines and Army—and that's the reason the Army furnishes those for us.

"If the Army is furnishing them, how come I got a pair of Marine boots, then?" Alloway asked.

"That all goes back to the first Winter the Marines spent over here," we were told. "See, the Corps had thermos boots in production first and they were sent out here for the Marines. The Army still had shoe-pacs. After the Army got into production on boots they started furnishing them for all the troops out here, but of course there were some Marine Corps boots still in stock. You got one of those pairs."

"Somebody in the Corps was really on the ball," I chimed in. "They were smart enough to get things we needed into production first and get them out to the field."

"You can credit the Supply Section at Headquarters for that," the Gunner told us. "Headquarters is responsible for initiating the procurement of supplies, as based on the overall plans set down by the General Staff of the Corps. The Supply Section back there is what they call the Supply Demand Control Point. Their job is to order the stuff the Corps will need and follow it down until it gets in one of the Supply Depots or Depots of Supply. Then one of these depots follows it through to the outfit that needs it, as based on that organization's requisition."

"Explain to them how the Corps buys things, Gunner," Alloway's buddy urged.

"Yes, maybe I should do that. See, the Corps has to get everything a year in advance. Congress gives the Corps an amount to operate on. But they don't get all the money at once. Instead, they get it by the quarter. It's just like if your father got his pay check for the entire year, once a year. To make it easier for your mother, he would tell her that she had so much to spend on food for the year. Only instead of giving it to her all at once, he would give her approximately 25% of it every three months. You can imagine her problem. If she bought too much milk, it would go sour. If she didn't get enough, somebody would go hungry. That's what the Corps has got to watch for too. If they buy too much of something, it just lies around—if they don't buy enough, somebody goes without. Then they might overstock and spend money needed for something else. It's a tough racket."

"I can see where that would be tough. Especially on gear over here in a combat zone," I said.

"It's a little different over here. The Army includes in their budget all common items used by the Marines in the Far East Command. That cuts the Corps even closer because they only budget for the Marine Corps' peculiar items that we use over here."

"Okay, now I'll ask one," I said. "How does Headquarters know just how much to order so that they get enough of an item but not too much?"

"I'm glad you asked that," was the Gunner's response. "Their procurement decisions are based on the monthly stock status report as submitted by the Supply Depots and Depots of Supply. This report gives the number of each item in stock plus what was issued over a certain time period in the past. These reports, plus records in the Supply Section at Headquarters, influence the procurement orders. A lot of good common sense has to be used too by those people back there."

"Twice you said Depots of Supply and Supply Depots," Jimmy said. "Aren't they the same thing?"

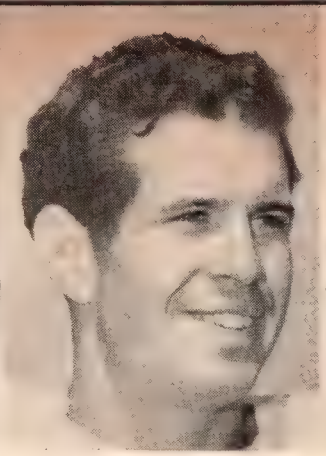
"Almost. The simple difference is that a Depot of Supplies handles a large area, while a Supply Depot probably handles one camp or local area. Requisition for gear is made to one of those two places. The western part of the States gets its gear from Depot of Supplies at San Francisco while the East draws from the Depot of Supplies at Albany, Georgia."

"How can one of these outfits figure out they need a new howitzer and umpteen khaki shirts, all at once, to cover needs for the Corps for the next year?" I wanted to know.

"You're getting into something different when you start talking about individual clothing," the Gunner told us. "That's an item that is handled differently from anything else in the supply system. Back in the States you will remember that they are on a monetary system—you know, individuals buy their clothing from the allowance which is furnished them. Each sales store in the Marine Corps submits a report every month to Headquarters. From this report the Supply Section knows by money value just what business the clothing sales store at each post and station did the previous month. We don't submit one of those reports from over here. We're on what they call Combat Accountability which means a replacement in kind basis. You lads bring a worn *(continued on page 71)*

Goode - Back

Petitbon - Back



Brandenburg - Back

DeRosa - End

McPhee - End

Leatherneck's All-Marine 7th '53 ELEVEN

Amberg - Back

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

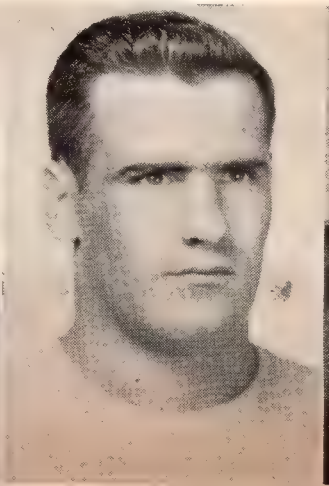
Leatherneck Staff Writer

FOOTBALL THROUGHOUT the Marine Corps presented an interesting montage during the 1953 season. After years of being tabbed a darkhorse threat, the Cherry Point Flyers finally got off the ground. Barstow, the little-known supply base in the middle of the Mojave desert, crashed the scarlet-and-gold Big Seven to become the fourth entry in the Western division of the All-Marine Conference. Quantico, always a perennial contender for the title, won its first All-Marine football championship in a playoff game against Camp Pendleton. The two-platoon system of play faded with the return of the 60-minute men, and overall, there appeared a better distribution of power with fair prospects for more evenly matched competition in the future.

While choosing an all-star aggregation is normally a hectic undertaking, some of the above factors evidently in-

Duca - Tackle

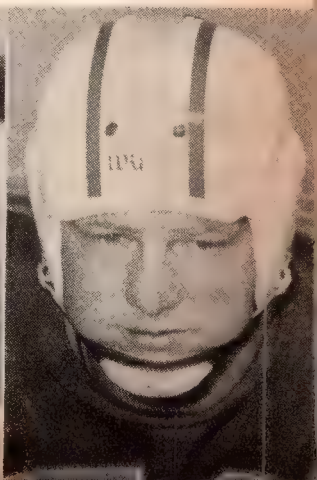
Viola - Guard



Graham - Center

Suchy - Guard

Boggan - Tackle



fluenced the Marine sports writers who covered the past season's schedule; first team selections for the seventh annual All-Marine football team were almost unanimous. When all ballots were in and tallied, the 1953 team lined up as one of the most powerful clubs yet chosen.

In tribute to the excellent gridiron squads overseas and at small bases throughout the States, it should be noted that nominations to *Leatherneck's* mythical teams are limited to those outfits which compete for the Corps' crown.

Quantico's Frank McPhee headlines this year's eleven. Twice voted All-American honors at Princeton University, the great end received the support of both East and West Coast scribes. His outstanding defensive abilities helped the Champs hold their opposition to a meager 43 points during regular season play. At the opposite end is Nick DeRosa, of Cherry Point. Six-two, 200 pounds-plus, glue-fingered DeRosa was one of the Flyers' favorite targets throughout the season.

Another Cherry Pointer, Sam Duca, got the nod at one of the tackle billets. Brilliant on offense, "Sad Sam" also received credit for being in on 75 percent of his team's offensive tackles. Rex Boggan was a member of 1952's offensive All-Marine team while playing for Parris Island. Transferred to Camp Lejeune, he repeated his All-Marine showing. When it came to blocking for ball carriers and passers, Big Rex (six-three, 235 pounds) demonstrated for his Lejeune teammates.

Another returnee from the '52 offensive squad is guard Al Viola, the sensational freshman from the University of Georgia. Viola made his '52 honors while guarding for Lejeune; this year he won a starting berth at Quantico over some "big name" talent. The lone lineman from the Pacific Coast portion of the league is Camp Pendleton's Ray Suchy, at the starboard guard post. Suchy led the hard-charging Pendleton line into the West Coast title.

Middleman on the '53 line is Glen Graham, of Camp Lejeune. Two hundred and five pounds stacked six-feet high, he was consistently outstanding throughout the season.

In the mythical backfield are four of the finest behind-the-line warriors from the past season's exceptionally talented field. Cherry Point's high-powered quarterback, Ed Brandenburg, drew praise from opposing players as well as the home gang for his natural ability in assuming command. His signal calling and ball handling made him the top field general of the Corps.

Halfback John Petitbon nailed down his spot on the seventh eleven with a choice running average (84 carries good for 437 yards and a 5.2 yards average) for the Quantico Marines. The former Notre Dame star also led his team in pass receiving (11 catches for 159 yards) and turned in steady defensive performances. Bob Goode of El Toro, garnered All-Marine honors last year as a defensive line-backer for San Diego. This season the returning Washington Redskin turned triple-threat to spark a lethargic team. He ran, passed, kicked and jumped from quarterback to halfback whenever the occasion demanded it.

The workhorse of the Quantico backfield, John Amberg, completes the 1953 team. Amberg toted the ball 95 times while grinding out 347 yards. When the other team had the ball, he was one of the Virginians' best pass defenders.

There is perhaps one perplexing facet to this business of selecting an all-star team to honor athletes worthy of a higher praise. You never get to see them play as a team. **END**

FIRST TEAM

End	Frank McPhee	Quantico
Tackle	Rex Boggan	Camp Lejeune
Guard	Al Viola	Quantico
Center	Glen Graham	Camp Lejeune
Guard	Ray Suchy	Camp Pendleton
Tackle	Sam Duca	Cherry Point
End	Nick DeRosa	Cherry Point
Back	Ed Brandenburg	Cherry Point
Back	John Petitbon	Quantico
Back	Bob Goode	El Toro
Back	John Amberg	Quantico

SECOND TEAM

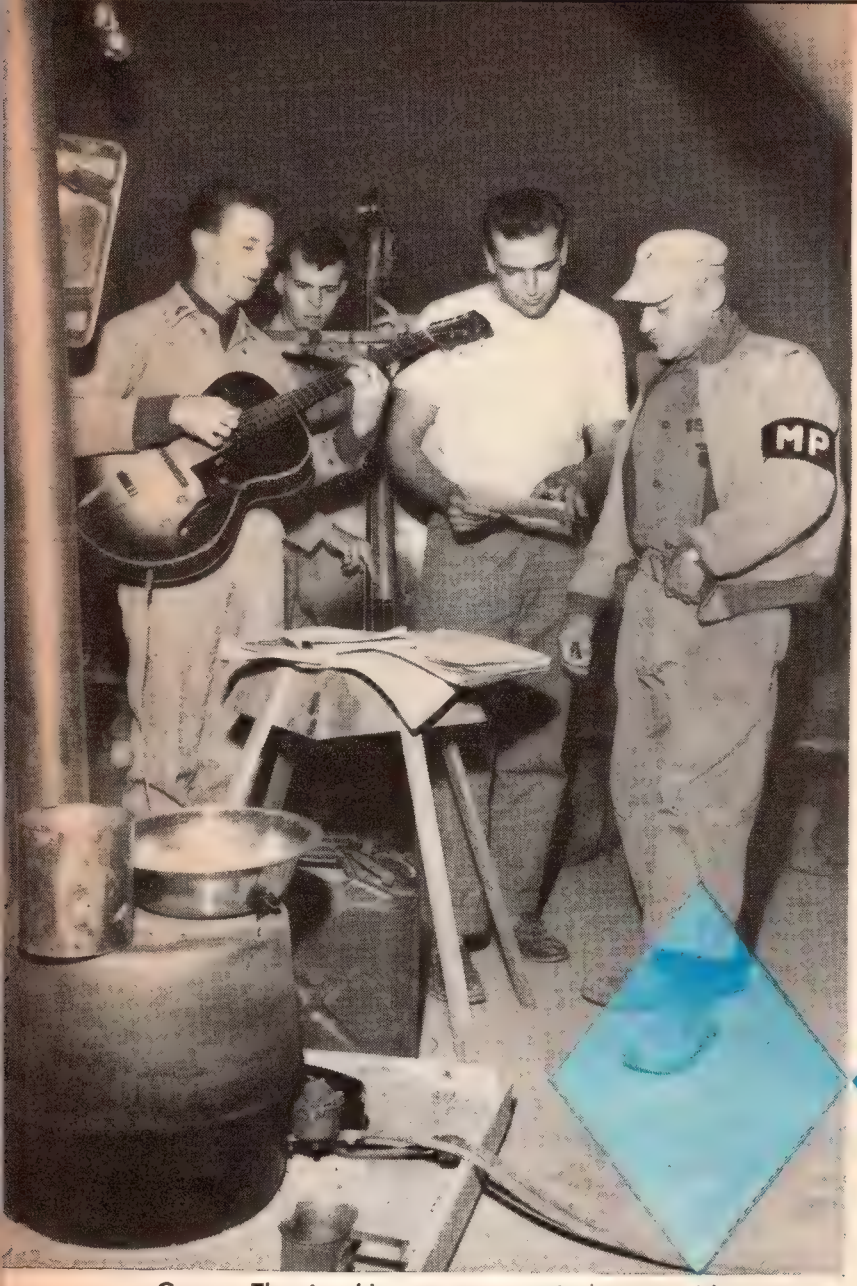
End	Willie Roberts	Camp Pendleton
Tackle	Jim Weatherall	Barstow
Guard	John Maultsby	Camp Lejeune
Center	John Bergamini	San Diego
Guard	Gil Bucci	Parris Island
Tackle	Ken Huxhold	Camp Pendleton
End	Ken MacAfee	Quantico
Back	Ed Brown	Camp Pendleton
Back	Ray Smith	Camp Lejeune
Back	Reggie Lee	Camp Lejeune
Back	Bob Meyers	Quantico

HONORABLE MENTION

Ends—Eugene Brooks, Cherry Point; Bob Trout, Quantico. Tackles—Walt Viellieu, Quantico; Phil Muscarello, San Diego. Guards—Frank Malack, Cherry Point; Tom Roggeman, Quantico. Center—Gerald Wenzel, Quantico. Backs—John Fry, Quantico; George Kinek, Cherry Point; Arnold Burwitz, San Diego; Bob Tougas, Camp Pendleton.

They move dirt and raise tents during the day. Nighttime, they are the biggest stars in Korea

ROAD SHOW



Gunner Therrien (r) goes over musical score with emcee Bob Kleinknecht while Wil Enyeart plucks out the melody

Sgt. Bob Kleinknecht makes with a verbal intro, the eight-man combo cuts loose on a hot tune and the First Marine Division's show is on

THE GRIZZLED GUNNER of the 1st Marine Division's Special Services office raised his head from the pile of papers on his field desk, lifted a hairy arm to check his watch and bellowed:

"Kleinknecht! Get the lads together, it's time to go to work."

Sergeant Robert R. Kleinknecht had been hearing the same command at 4:30 every afternoon for the past several months. And before CWO Clyde Therrien could think of any additional instructions, Kleinknecht had barrelled out of the tent and into the pouring rain.

If he had been a cussin' man he might have voiced a few descriptive words on Korean topography and weather as he slithered down the muddy road to a group attempting to change the course of thousands of gallons of water that threatened to establish a new river in the middle of the 1st Marine Division Command Post. As he passed the shovel-wielding group of Marines he shouted:

"Okay, fellas, let's knock off. Time to rehearse."

Down the hill another working party was laboring to erect a squad tent before the ground underneath washed away. Kleinknecht passed the word to them:

"Trimble! Orcutt! Townsend! Hurry up, it's time to rehearse."

Fifteen minutes later—it takes that long to climb the length of the hill where the 1st Marine Division's CP is located—a talented group of Marines were congregated in a tent preparing to turn out a new show for the armed forces in South Korea.

This extra-curricular activity was not unusual for the 24 men who comprised the 1st Marine Division Variety Show. Although an occasional gripe worked its way to the surface, they knew their military duties came first and turning out the top stage show in Korea was a secondary consideration. But they did take pride in the fact that they were doing both jobs well.

Inside the tent there was confusion. A comedy team was trying out a new set of gags they'd worked up while building a tent floor. The vocalist was running over a new tune with the combo, a ditty he had composed mentally while helping to set up the last tent. It would take a little time to get the notes down on paper but he'd get it done before evening chow.

Huddled around a tent stove on the far side of the tent Gunner Therrien and Sgt. Kleinknecht mulled over an itinerary that would carry the group through a 60-day tour to units of the Eighth Army. This command performance was the result of the troupe's growing popularity which had reached the ears of the top Army Command.

In the early days of the Korean War, Stateside Marine recruiters must have carried their enlistment blanks on liberty. The greater percentage of this group might have been recruited from top nightclubs, backstage at theaters or directly from television or radio stages. For most of the performers, show

business had been their way of life since they had learned to walk out on the boards. Kleinknecht, director, manager, NCOIC and master of ceremonies of the show, had been on the brighter side of the footlights since he was six years old. Gunner Therrien, Officer-in-Charge and a veteran of 27 years in the Marine Corps, still had time to sandwich in several civilian tours of duty as a circus rider, plus beating the skins with several outstanding bands around the country.

Because of their previous experience in road shows, the hardships of combining a military life with one of show business comes easy for this troupe. There are minor complaints when they spend half the night coaxing home two balky 6x6s that have grown tired of fighting the bumpy Korean roads, then get up at reveille to square away for troop and stomp at 0730.

"I don't know how it happens," Gunner Therrien growled, "but every time we hit the road, we're blessed with a pair of trucks that are allergic to running at night."

The show was born June 1, 1953, when the Division came off the lines and planked their seabags in a rest area known as Frenchman's Creek. In between training maneuvers the group started working earnestly on their routines. Unfortunately, they were quar-

TURN PAGE

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Photos by
TSgt. Roland E. Armstrong
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Yianitsas and Vaccarello
Comedians

Henry Gates
Vocalist

Ben Trimble and Wilburt
Enyeart—Guitarists

The Golden Keys Quartet has
been compared to Mills Bros.

Last act on the bill is the group of mountaineer-type performers who bring down the curtain with a bang. All have professional backgrounds

Versatile Ed Townsend doubles as a tunesmith and vocal artist

troop and stomp and guard duty didn't discourage the troupe; they were ready for a final rehearsal by late June. There was only one major problem—costumes and band instruments would be needed before they could hold a dress rehearsal. No matter how you look at it, a Marine would have a tough time looking romantic in dungarees as he crooned his way through a popular ballad. And the dance routines could be very ineffective when executed in boondockers.

It called for a bit of masterminding, and Gunner Therrien, being an ol' time Marine, knew the art of "scrounging." He took a day off for a scouting expedition into the rear areas. Army supply areas provided what he was looking for. He returned by nightfall with the needed costumes and a few instruments to boot. Whatever the tale he told, the Army agreed with him and threw in a set of trap drums to load him down for the trip back to the Division.

On June 29, the group held a sneak preview for Major General Randolph McC. Pate, the division commander, and his staff. Halfway through the show the company knew they had earned the General's approval. The 1st Marine Division's Variety Show was ready to go on the road; a Korean road that was sometimes dusty, more than likely muddy, and no matter what time of the year, extremely hard riding. It was a road that carried them the length and breadth of South Korea and into Japan; but it was successful despite the weather, transportation problems and a few slight accidents. The show went on — on schedule — 103 times to entertain 120,000 servicemen in Korea and Japan.

But there was still a war to be fought and the Marines on the front lines couldn't take time out from beating off Red attacks to wander back to some quiet rear area to see a stage show. Kleinknecht knew that and, remembering the old proverb about Mohammed and the mountain, took his show to the bunker-manning troopers. Of course, unlike a civilian USO show, these men were rifle carrying performers and if the going got a little rough, they pitched in with a little hot entertainment for the Reds.

Consequently, there were many times

ROAD SHOW (cont.)

tered behind the Division's legal school and it's a known fact that embryo lawyers, civilian or military, need plenty of quiet in order to study the complexity of the laws that govern both Marines and civilians.

"Every time we as much as tooted a horn," Gunner Therrien explained, "we received a growl from the legal lads. It was then we started sneaking our rehearsals wherever and whenever we could."

But the complaints of the legal school, the maneuvers, the ever present

CWO Clyde Therrien (center) Officer-in-Charge of show, and his troupe. They have won plaudits all over Korea

Band warms up in a cold tent with a hot tune. The costumes were provided by the Army

when the performers outnumbered the audience. One night when Dog Company of Medical Battalion was having a busy time receiving wounded from the close-by frontlines, there were only 18 corpsmen off duty at the time Kleinknecht and his men arrived. But the dearth of spectators for the show was only part of it; Kleinknecht had to deal with a steady downpour of rain that would have drenched everybody before the first act was over. But he'd promised Dog Company a show and they got it. All hands, performers, musical instruments, lights and the 18-member audience crowded into a squad tent and the show was on.

"It was the doggondest thing," a corpsman said later. "Those guys set up their gear, changed into civilian clothes and put on a show that beat

anything I ever saw in the rear areas."

During their visits to the frontline units and in other isolated spots Gunner Therrien and Sgt. Kleinknecht found there was always a need for a stage; lighting facilities were at a minimum and the props usually found backstage in any theatre were non-existent. Ingenuity and scrounging solved the problem; the unit built its own portable stage and added the necessary lighting and props for service up front. When loaded on the two 6x6s it cut down seating space in transit but it was worth the added discomfort.

One thing can be said of the traveling road show, they never interfered with the shooting war. On the other hand they never let the Communists stop them from "going on". They proved this one night at the 11th Marines.

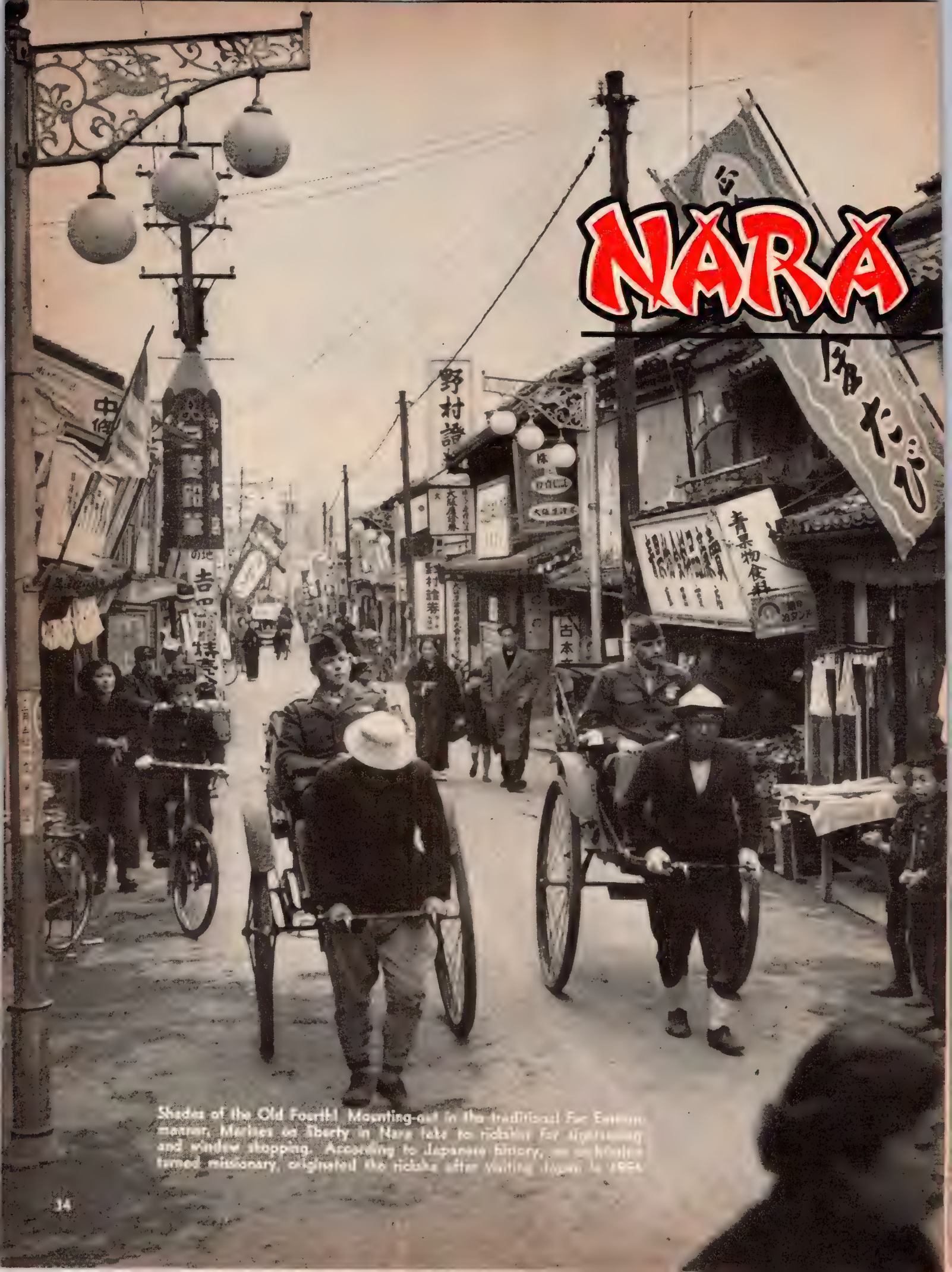
Just before arriving at a gun position, the crews received a fire mission; 105s were pounding the Reds up and down the front and it promised to be an all day chore. Kleinknecht solved this by setting up his show just outside the parapet of one of the guns. The crews would load their weapons, hop up on the parapet and the performance was on. When the gun commanders gave the order to stand by the crews would jump down into the pit. The gun would be fired, reloaded and the crews were back up as the entertainment would continue until the next gun commander's order.

Stage shows have come and gone in Korea during the past four years. Marines, Sailors, Airmen and Soldiers will be talking about the original members of the 1st Marine Division's Variety Show for many months to come. They'll remember Corporal Eddie Townsend, a 24-year old former disk jockey and owner of an advertising agency in Pinebluff, Ark., who composed and sang his own tunes, ditties that told of the vagaries of life in Korea during the war and current cease-fire. Band leader Horace Heidt brought his show to Korea and tried to "steal" Townsend from the Marine Corps. He managed to latch onto the song stylist for his Korea tour but was unable to get permission for Townsend to accompany him back to the States. In his first appearance with the Heidt show Townsend whipped up a new song in honor of the occasion. He called it "Korean Jump" and sang it to 14,000 of his fellow Marines. Four encores later he was able to leave the stage. Another tune he wrote titled, "That's The Way The Ball Bounces," will be hummed by servicemen as long as there are American forces in the Far East.

Two virtuosos of the guitar, Sergeant Wilbur Enyeart and Corporal Ben Trimble, get their share of the plaudits from the GI audience along with the Marines' version of the Mills Brothers—the Golden Keys Quartette. Then there's the hillbilly band that brings down the house with hoedowns or novelty tunes.

But it took a war in Korea to bring two boys together as a comedy team that may find itself with Marine discharge papers on one side and a stage contract on the other. Corporal Tom Vaccarello met Corporal Jack Yianitsas after both had finished boot camp. Both had previous stage experience and as their friendship ripened they found they had the knack of getting off jokes that brought laughs from their bunkmates. Neither had thoughts of working together until after they left their frontline units to join the variety group. Now, after a few weeks of working together, they have one of the top dance and comedy acts in Korea.

Although all this talent was scattered along the Marine front prior to the birth of the Division's variety show, the combined *(continued on page 79)*



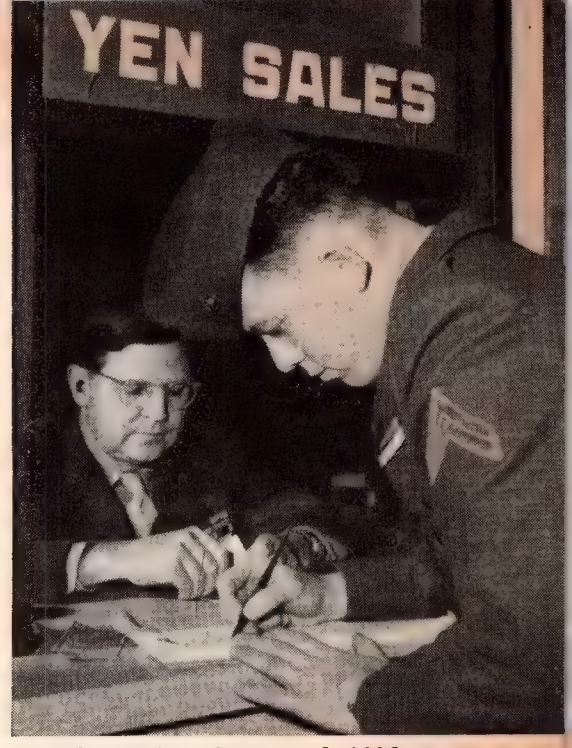
Shades of the Old Fourth! Mounting-out in the traditional Far Eastern manner, Marines on liberty in Nara take to rickshas for sightseeing and window shopping. According to Japanese history, an enterprising former missionary, originated the ricksha after visiting Japan in 1864.

LIBERTY

Fourth Marines changed a hostile populace into a Gung Ho citizenry

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Photos by
MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Cpl. Herb Abrams of H&S Co. converts Military Payment Certificates into Yen. MPCs are legal tender at the military stations but invalid elsewhere

THE CONVOY bumped along. Drivers sweated and cursed the mudpacked Japanese roads which, at times, narrowed without warning into ordinary footpaths. Arms grew tired from yanking wheels hard over, sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, in search of rutless portions of the road. The many cycle-borne citizens and pedestrians using the same narrow thoroughfares offered an additional accident hazard.

An exuberant Pfc, fresh from San Diego boot camp and a few liberties in L.A., leaned around the side of the crowded lead truck and stuck his head in the cab. With his nose just inches from the six-striper holding on to the front seat, he exclaimed:

"What d'ya know, Top, a whole city to ourselves!"

Ordinarily this bit of familiarity with the First Soldier would have brought forth enough salty language to singe the down on the youngster's cheeks. A name would have been mentally filed for inclusion at the top of the next EPD list.

But these were unusual times; after an absence of better than seven years, the Fourth Marine Regiment was returning to the Far East. As a unit of the Third Marine Division the Regi-

TURN PAGE

Marines are checked for liberty cards at the main gate by the everpresent MP. Man in dark uniform is member of Japanese Security Police. The shops in background went out of business after they were declared "off limits"

The first port-of-call for most Marines on liberty is the Nara Hotel. Cpl. Robert G. Campbell enjoys the excellent service and food served to Marines in the dining room

Pfc Colan P. Burns joins Abrams and Campbell outside Nara Hotel for a sightseeing tour through the city. When the Fourth arrived there, the hotel was the only legal liberty spot within city limits. Others are open now, but the men still favor the luxuries of the Nara

Pachinko, Japanese version of pinball, is the national pastime here. Cpl. Abrams tries to win the prize, Japanese cigarettes

NARA LIBERTY (cont.)

ment had been assigned to four camps scattered within the city limits of a Japanese town called Nara.

All first sergeants would be hitting the bottles of aspirin tablets for many days to come; unlimbering the sea legs of their outfits would not be an easy task.

Then there was the question of liberty. For men too long aboard a transport—ol' timer and youngster alike—it was about time for a cool one.

Nara, the musical sound of the city's name rolled easily off the tongues of the men of the Fourth Regiment who rode their 6x6s into the town last August. No one knew much about this city, slated as the liberty port of the Fourth—except that the Army had recently maintained some housekeeping troops and an R&R Center for soldiers on leave from Korea. But now the

"You speakee-how much." Cpl. Abrams tries to whittle down the price of a good luck god. Haggling is a tradition of the Orient, and Marines enjoy it

Marines have found the small open-faced stores in Japan a big change from the markets back in the States. A bigger difference is the unusual aroma

Deer in Nara Park lead sanctimonious life because the Japanese regard them as "divine messengers." Marines rate special ecclesiastical attention from the Nara deer when they bring them offerings of food scraps or wafers

Yellow band around the pole marks "Out of Bounds," limits. The Army deserves the credit for this method of indicating that an area is forbidden territory. The MPs will not accept offender's "color blind" excuses

Campbell gets snapshot of buddies in Nara Park. The deer preserve houses more than 3000 incense-burning shrines. These are lighted twice a year on religious occasions

Paper Japanese lanterns have been familiar to Americans for many years, but at the Shrine of the Lanterns the Marines examine the permanent type

TURN PAGE

Burns and Abrams ring the second largest bell in Japan. The custom is said to bring luck. Charm works for the owner—he gets 20 Yen a customer

Marine "tourists" view bronze image in Nara. Statue was cast about the time of the Roman Empire. City is the cultural treasure-house of the nation

The Hall of the Great Buddha provides interesting background for Abrams' snapshot of Campbell and Burns. Thanks to colorful settings and fine cameras turned out by Nip craftsmen, scrapbook photography ranks high on Marines' list of "things to do" in Nara

Army was moving out—well, most of them—and the Marines were taking over.

Put your finger in the exact center of the island of Honshu, largest of the group comprising the Land of the Rising Sun, and you'll find the dot on the map indicating the city of Nara. Rich in Japanese culture, the town (pop. 77,866) is older than Christianity and is now ready to take its place in the later pages of Marine Corps history.

A little more than an hour out of Osaka the convoy rolled into the city limits of Nara. Speculation was over and the Marines got their first of a series of disappointments that would

stretch over many weeks. They looked with distaste at the dirty, narrow streets. They smelled the odors wafted from countless fish stores, and the stench mingled with the pungent aromas from tiny restaurants and hole-in-the-wall cafes. Somewhere, unseen chefs were concocting dishes to delight the palate of a Japanese gourmet, but wrinkle the nose of any four-hash-marked mess sergeant.

Young Marines, getting their first taste of foreign duty, checked the native dress of the local citizens. The men of the town wore long, flowing robes, the women vari-colored kimonos that hid any existing whistle-catching curves.

The Japanese residents of Nara traded glance for glance with the newcomers. The faces of the Marines plainly showed disappointment; the townsfolk's usually inscrutable faces registered hostility. They looked downright unfriendly.

The citizens of Nara felt they were well acquainted with the United States Marine Corps. *(continued on page 68)*

Aroma of sukiyaki puts Campbell in gourmet's trance. Dish contains thinly sliced beef, mushrooms and many vegetables. It's cooked in hot sauce atop a charcoal-burning habachi. Meal is usually topped with saki. Japan without sukiyaki would be like Hungary without goulash

Japanese waitresses perform native dance called Tankabushi or Miner's Dance. Most Nipponese girls prefer American dress to the traditional kimono. Nylon stockings and high-heeled shoes are also popular. The youth of the nation have accepted many Western ideas

Marines join a group of local girls in Mexican Hat Dance. Japan is a music-loving nation whose taste runs from Bach to bop, to singing commercials

Word for the raid came from Division level
but no one expected the enemy to be waiting

AMBUSH

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

TWO SHADES LIGHTER and this'd pass for chlorophyll toothpaste, Drum thought as he squeezed a tiny blob of camouflage paint onto his fingers and dabbed it at his face. When he finished, the platoon sergeant peered into an old metal mirror and examined the shape-breaking pattern that glanced back at him. He grunted approval.

"Just like in the movies," Price commented half-heartedly, twisting his features taut to one side as he applied the camouflage.

"Yep," Drum said gruffly. "Only, tonight's show is a command performance entitled, 'A Raid For Prisoners.' Produced by Regimental S-3, directed by Lieutenant Sweeney and starring Sergeant Price's famous road company . . . the 1st Squad."

"Funny as hell," Price said sourly.

"It'll be an audience participation show where the audience'll throw more than rotten tomatoes and cabbages if they don't like our act. Which they won't," Drum said. "Let's check the troops' camouflage."

Nearby, men had paired off and were busy blotting out each other's features. Poor camouflage discipline, even when it pertains to an individual's concealing make-up, is a waste of gear and labor. Drum and Price meandered among the squad, appraising the disguises. Except for one Marine, Carpenter, who sported a measles pattern, the alterations were satisfactory. Carpenter rearranged the grease on his face until it had the desired effect.

"Where's Wiley?" Sweeney, the second lieutenant who commanded the 1st Platoon, wanted to know.

"Here, sir," a tall, chisel-chinned corporal answered.

"Radio working?" the platoon leader asked, buckling on his pistol belt.

"Reads five by five, sir," Wiley replied, hunching the weight of the machine forward on his shoulders.

"Doc?"

"Right here, Lieutenant," the corpsman said.

"Drum, how's ammo?"

"Everybody's drawn grenades, plus two bandoleers," the platoon sergeant answered.

Sweeney looked at his wrist watch, then at the darkening approach of night. "Let's shove off. The Cap'n will check us through the MLR."

The patrol fell into a squad column and ambled off at route march. A plan of attack and all details connected with it had been repeated numerous times earlier in answer to anyone's doubt. By now, each man's role in the approaching mission was carved in his mind.

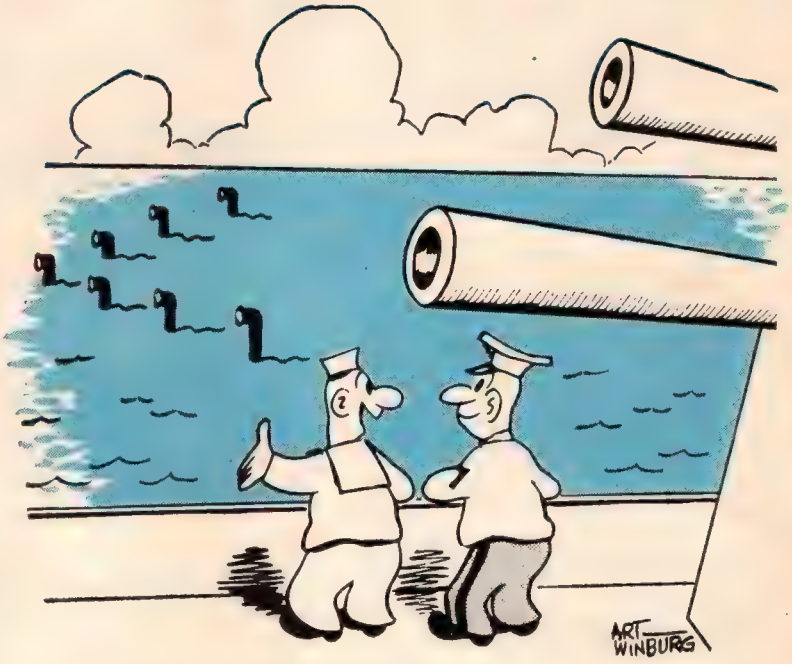
Something was brewing at Division level. Whatever it was, Intelligence wanted as much information as possible about recent enemy activities. Prisoners sometimes blurt out valuable bits of information which can be pieced together like a jigsaw puzzle. The word for tonight's attack had descended the ancient and honorable chain of command to Baker Company.

"A squad-size job," Captain Roper, the company commander had said. "But since it will be a 'bring 'em back alive' deal, you and Drum, here, had better take this one. Also, take a corpsman and one of the radio operators. There'll be two checkpoints each way. If we don't hear from you on time, we'll assume you ran into trouble . . .

"Getting there shouldn't prove too difficult. And you've got enough veterans in your platoon, so there shouldn't be *(continued on page 73)*

Leatherneck

"I promised my wife I'd hang her picture over my bunk!"



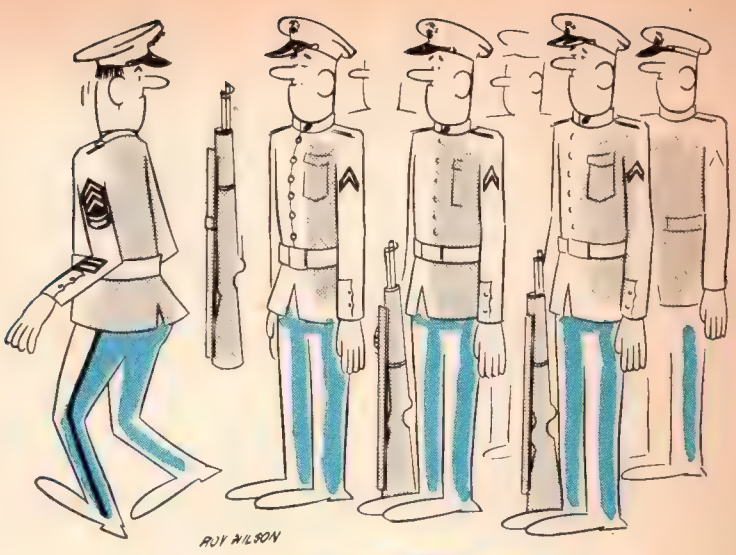
"Submarine maneuvers!"

Leatherneck Magazine

"Your date is the smart-looking doll . . . As usual, I'm stuck with the brainless blonde!"

"Two hours late and you tell me your train was derailed! Do you expect me to believe a flimsy story like that?"

Laffs

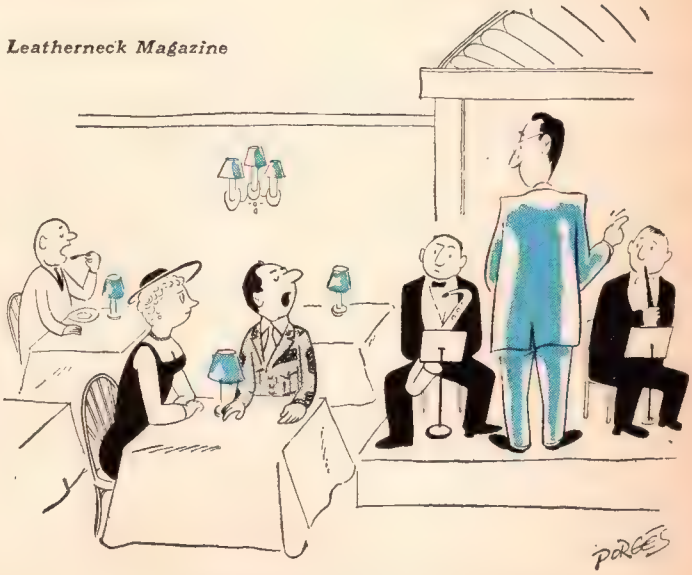


"Alvin, why aren't you wearing your good conduct ribbon tonight?"

"If you are waiting for the bill, Corporal, it's been taken care of!"

"When I say bring a poncho I mean a MARINE poncho, stupid!"

Leatherneck Magazine



"Could you please have your bugler sound mess call?"

Gilhooley's Enterprise

Someone was running a lottery and bootlegging liquor in direct violation of Naval regulations—and Gilhooley's reputation made him the logical suspect of both crimes

by William R. Reardon

SERGEANT MAJOR O'Brien looked uneasily at the scowling figure of Major Jarvis. He held his breath and waited for The Man to erupt. Finally it came.

"I suppose the next thing I can expect in this outfit is a harem!"

The Top's mouth opened in amazement. "Sir?"

"Don't be coy with me, Top! You must know that there's been liquor in this organization for the last ten days."

The Top's astonishment slowly melted into indignation. His eyes narrowed angrily, as his tongue passed automatically over his parched lips. His Irish flared forth.

"Sure and drink is it, and me not knowing so much as the smell or the sight of the stuff for six long months!" His face turned beet red. "Is it sneaking around corners they'll be and swilling the vile stuff like the ravenous pigs they are without compassion on their fellow men and the sun so hot as the Old One himself is at home in it!"

"I am glad to see that you share my displeasure with this drinking, Top."

"Thirty miles in the morning will they march and Christian charity learn or I am no credit to the tribe of clean living, God fearing O'Briens!"

Jarvis cut in. "But there's more Top . . . "

O'Brien's eyes brightened. "More is it? An' if you'll be telling me where it might be, sir, I'll trap the culprits."

"I mean there's more than liquor to this, O'Brien—there's gambling going on too."

The Top interjected mildly. "Sure 'tis difficult to be stopping the boys with their blackjack and pinochle, sir."

"It's more than blackjack and pinochle!" the Major shouted. "It's some kind of a lottery." He paused for a moment, and passed his hand over his brow in a puzzled fashion. "I can't quite understand it, Top. Last night at the Officers' Club, I noticed several of the men looking at me. Then they'd grin and turn away. I have detailed Lieutenant Ward to find out the particulars of this affair. He knows there's a lottery but he doesn't know who's running it or on what subject." His eyes narrowed menacingly, and they bored through the Top. "Do you know?"

"No, sir. But it is great good that is being done with lotteries. Now in Ireland . . ."

The Major was curt. "I am not interested in the philanthropic aspects. I want the promoter of this lottery and the man behind the liquor. Obviously the liquor must be of native origin. I want action, Top!"

"Yes, sir."

"All this funny business started within the last ten days. To be exact, since the arrival of that last transfer, Pfc Gilhooley." The Major shuddered as he mentioned the name. "Someone at Headquarters dislikes me, I know it. Otherwise he'd never send me that sad imitation of an imitation Marine."

The Top consoled him. "Indeed and it is a sickly specimen of what a man should be. But in ten days . . ." The Top shook his head in disbelief.

"I suspect that he is guilty of either the lottery or the liquor. He probably met a native and set up an operations agreement with him for dispensing that hideous drink—what's it called, Top?"

The Top sighed with his memories. "'Tis only by rank hearsay that it be known to me, sir, but it might be the beverage known as touba."

"Quite so. Now my idea, Top, is to use Gilhooley so that he'll trap both himself and whoever is running this

lottery. I want you to send him in, and when he arrives I'll accuse him of the lottery. This will make him think his liquor racket is safe. Then he'll go to the chap running the lottery to warn him. I want *you* to tail Gilhooley when he leaves the office. The first one he goes to is the man we want."

The Top beamed. "Right, sir. It is a regular detective you are. I'll send in the misfit right away."

The Top's 200 pounds exploded through the tent-gaps, just in time to spin the slightly built Lieutenant Ward as he tried to enter.

"A thousand pardons, Lieutenant. Sure an' happy to be alive you must be, Lieutenant, with a grin that wide."

Ward's grin widened.

The Top pounded his fist into his hand. "You know the lottery culprit?"

"Not so sure of the man, Top, but at least I know the subject of the lottery." Ward laughed merrily.

The Top sighed with relief. "The Man will be happy."

Ward roared with laughter. "I doubt it, Top, I doubt it." His smile faded, however, as he entered the office.

"Private Gilhooley!" O'Brien sounded like a lion before feeding. A long moment passed—but no Gilhooley.

"Gil—hoo—ley!" The Gaelic war-cry resounded through the camp.

A figure slowly ambled from the direction of the head—a scrub brush in one hand, and a bucket in the other. The tousled red hair was in complete harmony with the rest of a long, thin body which seemed to lack entirely the customary stiffening ingredient of most human bodies—a backbone.

"Put down your weapons. On the double!"

With a sigh, Gilhooley dropped his gear and loped ungracefully to the Top.

"Yeah, Top?"

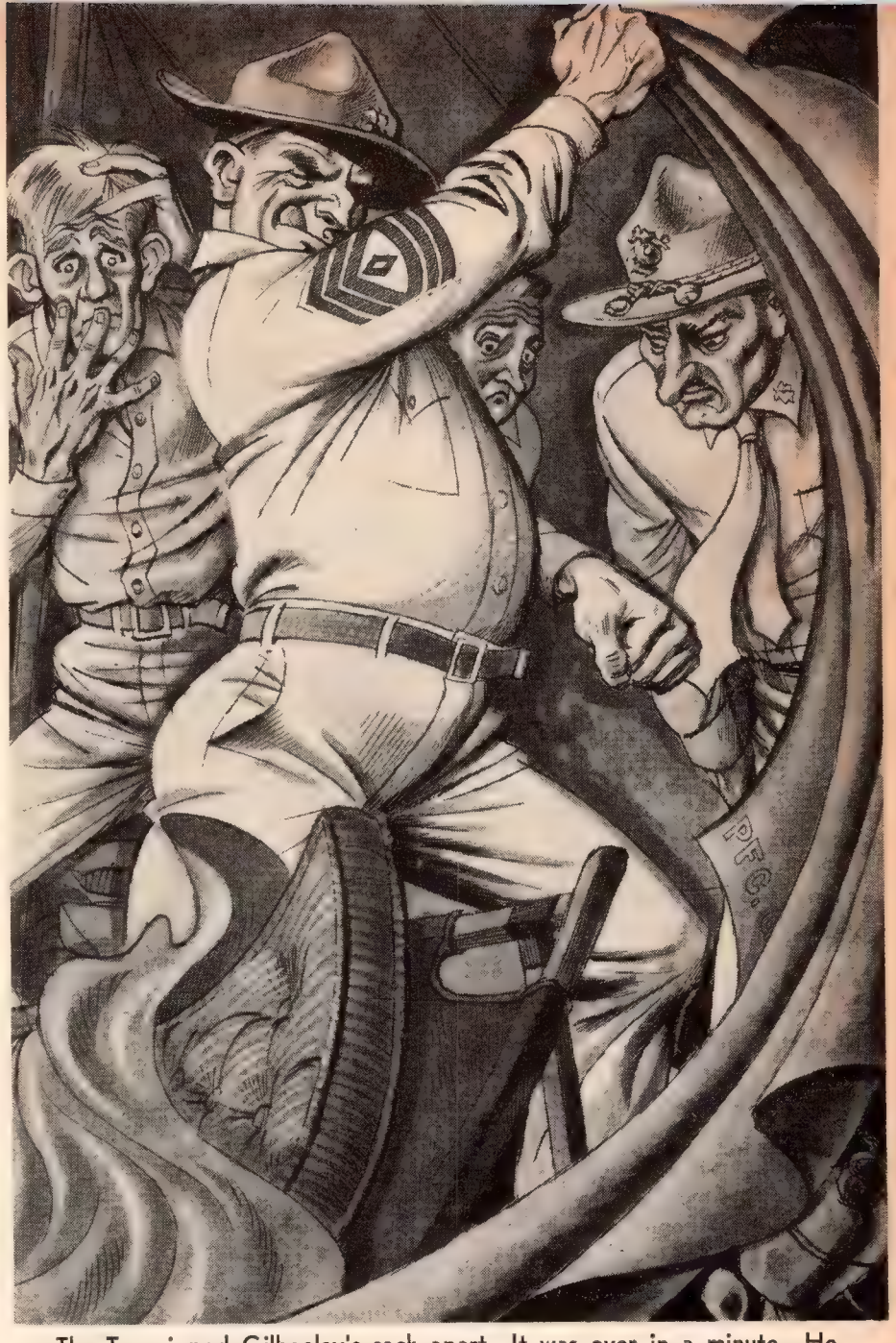
The Top gazed distastefully at him. "The Man wants to see you."

Lt. Ward stepped lightly through the flaps of the tent. His face was serious, but there was a gleam in his eyes. He looked closely at Gilhooley—almost respectfully. "The Major will see you now, Gilhooley."

Gilhooley nodded his thanks to the Lieutenant. He turned to the Top and stared at him for a moment. Then Gilhooley spit it out. "Shanty Irish!" The Top swung a mighty blow—but he was too late. Gilhooley was already in the tent.

Major Jarvis looked down the long expanse of his pointed nose at Gilhooley. The Pfc found himself wondering about the approximate mileage of the Major's colossal beak. His thoughts were abruptly interrupted as the Major purred softly.

"You have undoubtedly heard of the palatial emporium we run for eight-ball Marines on our little island, have you not, Gilhooley?"



The Top ripped Gilhooley's sack apart. It was over in a minute. He was very disappointed. The Major's case against Gilhooley collapsed

Gilhooley nodded dismally. The Major smiled his satisfaction.

"Perhaps you are familiar with its 'popular' name among our boys?" Gilhooley shifted uncomfortably. "What is it called, Private?"

Gilhooley wiped the sweat from his brow. The words came out reluctantly. "Jarvis' Turkish Bath."

The Major moved back in his chair. He stared at Gilhooley contemplatively, and then puffed a stream of pungent cigar smoke at him. "Why is it called that, Gilhooley?"

Gilhooley shifted back to his left foot. "Because when the temperature hits 105 degrees they close all the windows."

"I merely believe that the danger of thunderstorms at such a temperature is greater, and I'd hate to see the men get wet."

"Yes, sir." Gilhooley was not convincing.

"You agree, do you not?" The Major was very indignant.

Gilhooley responded hastily. "Oh, but certainly sir, very thoughtful of you, sir."

"I wanted to talk to you today, Gilhooley. Since you are a new man in this outfit, you may not be familiar with all the details of our brig. I see

TURN PAGE

that you are in possession of all the necessary facts." He stared hard at Gilhooley.

Gilhooley felt that an answer was required. But he wasn't sure what answer. He played it safe. "Yes, sir."

"That makes your offense all the more culpable." The Major's eyes were slitted. "I understand that you have been conducting a lottery among the troops."

Gilhooley was properly shocked. "Sir?"

"And not only have you been conducting a lottery, which is a violation of Naval regulations, but the subject of your lottery . . ." The Major choked in his wrath. Slowly he regained his composure. He picked his words out singly and carefully, placing each one before Gilhooley as though weighing them on the scales of justice. "The subject of your lottery is . . . *my nose.*"

Gilhooley kept silent.

The Major tightened his lips. "Unfortunately, I am not in a position to throw the book at you. I have not found any tickets, nor have I found any receipts. How you did it I don't know, but I suppose you kept all the entries on a piece of paper." He bellowed suddenly. "Did you?"

Gilhooley was the picture of injured innocence. "I'm afraid you have me all wrong, sir."

The Major snorted. "You needn't equivocate with me. I know you're guilty—I just can't prove it. But let me catch you off first base just once, Gilhooley, and I'll tag you so hard you'll never get up." He glared vehemently at him. "Dismissed!"

Gilhooley sighed with relief and headed for the exit.

"Just one question, Gilhooley. How were you going to find out the exact length of my nose in order to pay off that lottery?"

Gilhooley stood at attention. "If *I* were running a lottery like that, sir, and if *I* had to find out the length of a nose, I suppose I'd find someone familiar with the Bertillion system of measurements, or a good photographer who could apply them to a picture. That's what *I'd* do, if I were ever foolish enough to think of running such a thing." He let the tent flaps drop gently, as the Major's face sank slowly into his arms.

Outside the tent, Gilhooley shuddered. Thirty days in the black hole! He moaned inwardly as he pictured his scrawny frame after such a long diet on angel cake and wine. Then his hand touched his wallet—and he smiled. Looking across the area he sighted a familiar flaming red crop of hair. He scurried toward the red hair as a set of gimlet eyes followed his progress. The Top was on the trail.

Twenty minutes passed. A puzzled Top moved ponderously toward the office. He paused before the entrance, shook his head sorrowfully, shrugged, and entered.

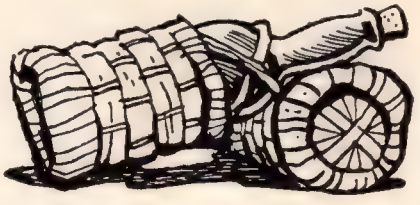
"Well, Top?" The Major's voice was eager. "Who's our man?"

"Sure, sir, and it is unbelievable the way corruption is about to be taking over the entire world."

"Yes, yes, it's lamentable, Top. Who is it?" The Major was trying hard to control his impatience.

The Top was incredulous. "With my own eyes—and they are clear and bright as the day I enlisted—twenty-eight years now—and never a sight did they see as . . ."

Jarvis stood up at his desk. He gripped both corners with his hands, glared at the Top, and spoke with deliberate quiet. "The name, Top, the name . . ."



The Top gulped. "The chaplain, sir—Father Flaherty."

A sickly look settled on the face of the Major.

O'Brien continued. "Hurting me it was to see them laughing and joking and he a man of the cloth." O'Brien shook his head sadly. "It has shaken me faith mightily."

"Don't be a fool! Father Flaherty can't be involved."

The Top was indignant. "Wasn't it your own self that was saying Gilhooley'd be goin' straight to the culprit?"

"Stow it! Stow it! If you'd followed him further we'd know the answer now. Never mind though. I've made a little progress while I was waiting for you. I checked the service record books. Did you know that Gilhooley was on ship with Private Reed? In fact they've been together almost since boot camp. Are they in the same tent?"

"No, sir."

"What do you know about Reed?"

"Little enough, sir. Sure and he's a hard man to find on work parties, and it is a regular moneybags he is according to the Gunny, but a quiet lad for all that and not one to be bringing the blood to the head of his betters."

Jarvis snorted triumphantly. "Moneybags, eh? How in the devil can a private be a money-bags? I was wrong, Top, and I'll admit it. I've been wrong before. Now there's no question about it; Reed must be running the liquor into camp, and that crafty Gilhooley is the one with the lottery. We'll catch them with the goods tonight, Top. As soon as the movie is over, we'll pull a shakedown at 2200." The Major smiled contentedly. "By the way, Top—you won't be needing these boys for about ninety days, will you?"

Gilhooley staggered wearily toward the mess hall. He held out his tray despondently, and the morose mess cooks sadistically buried the liver under globs of jello, tamped it down with the bread, and carefully sloshed the coffee over the grave. He dragged his aching body to the table, and plunked down as though his legs were lopped off at the knees. He stared disconsolately at the protein mess on his tray.

"You know, funny ain't it—but that stuff doesn't look so bad after you finish the thirty day diet." It was a cheerful voice—but Gilhooley shuddered. He looked up at the bright, smiling face of Private Mallo. A perennial foul ball, Mallo knew whereof he spoke.

"You don't have to worry about the thirty days, here. That Major of ours is chicken. He gives you a full meal every three days." Gilhooley smiled weakly.

"What's the matter, Mac? You don't look so good. Ain't sick are ya?" Mallo had a tender heart.

Gilhooley mustered up a wan grin. "Guess I'm not hungry. Think I'll head back for my sack."

"OK, Mac. Take it easy. You ain't like me, I guess. I'm still making up time on the foundation we're digging for the Chaplain. Got to stow this chow away. That coral's pretty rugged digging. Oh, Reed told me he wanted to see ya."

Gilhooley walked painfully back toward his sack—his heart sunk around his knees. He was muttering to himself. "What a whacky idea this was! Why did I ever get involved? Thirty days—my gawd—they'll be able to see through me like I was a hunk of window glass. And The Man's got me dead to rights. Thirty days! I won't have the strength to stand in the pay line."

He groaned outwardly, and suddenly snapped up straight. "I've got to get out of this. Maybe Reed will give me a hand." He wiped his brow in anguish. Suddenly he paused, raised his eyes to heaven, and mumbled fervently. "Lord, if I ever get out of this

I'll live on that thirty bucks a month, so help me. Amen." He lowered his eyes only to stare into the puzzled but approving glance of Father Flaherty.

"I didn't get what went before the *Amen,* Gilhooley, but I must say that I am very favorably impressed—we can always stand a little more devotion around here." Father Flaherty smiled warmly and walked on.

Gilhooley returned the smile awkwardly, tugged at his collar, and waited for the Padre to disappear from the area. Then he scurried madly for Reed's tent.

"Where's Reed?" Gilhooley spoke almost breathlessly.

A shaggy head turned lazily around on the sack, and stared curiously at Gilhooley. It was Pineapple Smith—Alabama's contribution to the world of slow motion.

"Does he all owe you money, boy?" Smith drawled in wonderment. "There ain't no reasonable reason for moving that fast less he does. He surveyed Gilhooley closely. "You're the new man, ain't you? Don't remember seeing you around."

"Name's Gilhooley. Reed and I were buddies on ship. I'm in an awful jam. When is Reed coming back?"

"He won't be back until after taps. Say, come to think of it, he wanted to see you real bad about something or other. Went over to look for you, but you weren't around."

Gilhooley squirmed impatiently. He looked closely at Pineapple, wondering if he dared to trust him. Finally he took the plunge.

"Look, Mac. I'm in an awful jam like I said. The Man had me in on the carpet this afternoon. He knows I'm running a lottery. The way I got it figured he'll pull a quickie inspection—and if he does, I've had it."

Pineapple looked at Gilhooley with renewed interest.

"Say now, ain't that something! We ain't had a good racket around here since that boy from Brooklyn set up a treasury game." He sighed unhappily. "I sure hated to see that game ended . . . mah number was just about due." Gilhooley lighted a cigarette, and pushed one towards Pineapple. "Yup, a mighty interesting game." He shook his head sorrowfully. "They gave that boy five years in Portsmouth."

Gilhooley choked on his cigarette.

"Sort of discouraged the boys, I guess. We ain't had a game since."

Gilhooley collapsed heavily on Reed's sack. His face turned a sickly yellow. The cigarette hung limply from his slack lips.

Smith slumped back wearily on his bunk. "Seems to kill off the spirit of enterprise in the troops when they do things like that. Well, if you don't mind, I'll take a little catnap now. Got to keep my strength up." His eyes closed slowly.

"Say, Mac, listen! I've got to get rid of these lottery tickets. No one would ever suspect Reed. I'm going to shove these under his pillow. Just for tonight. I know that Major will inspect tonight. Then I'll pick them up in the morning. Reed would do it for me—we were real buddies. I haven't had a chance to see him except for ten minutes since we got here because the Top's been riding me. He'd do it though; I know he would. And there ain't a man in the Corps with a cleaner record than Reed. They'd never shake him down. Okay?" He strained desperately toward Smith—only to be greeted with a loud snore.

Gilhooley writhed in frustration. He glanced around with a haunted look, then shoved the tickets under Reed's pillow. He patted the pillow gratefully. "I know you'd do it for me, Reed old boy."

He wandered aimlessly around the

area, and finally arrived at the movie. He watched glumly all through the double-feature. It wasn't very funny. Abbott and Costello, the Marx brothers and a Popeye cartoon. He glared at the screen, and wondered why Hollywood didn't turn out any light stuff any more. Then suddenly—right in the middle of a March of Time newsreel—there was a shot of the Major's face. Gilhooley rubbed his hands gleefully and laughed outright; then he bounced happily along toward his tent.

They were there. The Man and the Top. Jarvis stared carefully at Gilhooley, starting at his head and working his eyes slowly down to Gilhooley's size twelves. He looked as if he were classifying a bug that had just crawled out from under a rock. Then the Major shuddered convulsively—as if the bug hadn't fit any class at all. In back of the Major, Private Thomas, Gilhooley's buddy, frantically signalled his complete bewilderment.

Gilhooley smiled brightly. "Lovely evening, Major." The silence was deafening. The Major glared, as though the bug also had an odor.

Gilhooley tried again, "Very funny movie. I certainly did enjoy it."

"I'm so pleased." He didn't sound it.

Gilhooley warmed to his subject. "That Abbott is really a clown! He was wearing a nose that was as big as . . ." Gilhooley's voice dwindled away weakly as the Major's eyes flashed angrily and his jaw jutted out dangerously.

The Major leaned forward, crouching slightly, his hands clenched tightly by his sides. He spoke very softly. "As big as what, Gilhooley?" Thomas and the Top held their breaths.

"As . . . as . . . eh . . . Durante's!" Gilhooley hit it triumphantly—and then wiped the sweat from his brow. There were audible sighs from the Top and Thomas.

The Major held out his hand. "The tickets, Gilhooley!"

"Sir?"

"Don't *sir* me. The tickets—and be quick about it."

"What tickets?" Gilhooley was struggling desperately.

"What tickets, *sir*?" The Major roared his resentment. "Don't you know how to address an officer?"

"But you just said, sir . . ."

"Never mind what I just said. The tickets!"

"But I don't have . . ."

The Major spun around to the Top. "Forget this blithering idiot, Top. Shake down his sack."

The Top ripped it apart. It was over in a minute.

"Nothing, sir." The Top looked very disappointed.

Slowly the Major collapsed. Very slowly, like a big blimp with a tiny leak. He glared at Gilhooley, but the air of injured innocence finally pierced the Major to his heart. He had wrongly suspected one of his men! The thought stabbed him to the core of his being.

"I don't know quite what to say, Gilhooley." The Man was whipped—soundly defeated.

Gilhooley was the soul of the great conqueror, magnanimous, generous to an extreme. "Aw! Don't think anything of it, sir." He waved his hand in a cavalier fashion. "Just one of those little errors that the best of men make."

"That's very generous of you, Gilhooley." The Major was embarrassed. "I'm sorry I called you a blithering idiot." He squirmed in his misery.

"It's like I was telling you from the start, sir," the Top interjected, "he's too brainless to have thought up something like this."

"Sure, Gilhooley isn't a blithering idiot. He's just an idiot!" Thomas chuckled at his own little joke. But he chuckled all by himself.

The Major *(continued on page 75)*

LEATHERNECK RIFLE COMPETITION

DIVISIONS A, B, C and D
ANNUAL GRAND PRIZE WINNERS

Grand Prize

Scope, Gold Medal, $100.00, and Certificate

Cpl. Philip G. Gerdes—241
Weapons Training Battalion
Marine Corps Recruit Depot
San Diego, California

Second Prize

Silver Medal, $100.00, and Certificate

Sgt. Emmett D. Duncan—241
Range Company, Service Battalion
Marine Barracks
Camp Pendleton, California

Third Prize

Bronze Medal, $100.00, and Certificate

TSgt. Ermon T. Lewis—240
H&S Company, 3rd Battalion, 6th Marines
2nd Marine Division FMF
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

LEATHERNECK RIFLE COMPETITION

DIVISIONS E, F and G

(Awarded Annually Only)

IN ADDITION TO THESE PRIZES, ALL WINNERS RECEIVED A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO LEATHERNECK

HIGH RIFLE

Winchester 30-06, M70 Rifle, Telescope Sight, Carved Sling, $100.00, Gold Medal and Certificate

239 Lt W. D. Thompson
MCS, Quantico, Virginia

246 Sgt R. D. Jacobson
N&MRTC, Portland, Oregon

241 Lt G. Rule
MCRTC, Milwaukee, Wisc.

DIVISION E OFFICERS: REGULAR AND RESERVES EAD (A COURSE)	DIVISION F ENLISTED ORGANIZED RESERVES (B COURSE)	DIVISION G OFFICERS ORGANIZED RESERVES (B COURSE)

SECOND PLACE WINNERS

Winchester 30-06, M70 Rifle, Carved Sling, $75.00, Silver Medal and Certificate

235 Lt W. E. Thompson MCS, Quantico, Virginia	242 SSgt R. Bosco 1stInfBn, Brooklyn, N. Y.	241 Capt M. J. White MCRTC, Stockton, Calif.

THIRD PLACE WINNERS

Winchester M97 12 gauge shotgun w/Cutts compensator f/choke and spreader tubes, $60.00, First Bronze Medal and Certificate

234 Lt E. W. Schultze MCAS, Santa Ana, Calif.	241 Sgt W. J. Clarke 2dInfBn, Boston, Mass.	240 Lt E. F. Green MCRTC, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOURTH PLACE WINNERS

Winchester M94 30-30 carbine, $40.00, Second Bronze Medal and Certificate

234 Major R. E. Moffett MCRD, San Diego, Calif.	239 Sgt S. V. Bush N&MCRTC, Portland, Oregon	239 Capt G. E. Tavrea Jr. 1st155GunBn, Denver, Colo.

FIFTH PLACE WINNERS

Winchester M75 .22 "Sporter" w/sling, $30.00, Third Bronze Medal and Certificate

233 Major W. H. Simpson MCS, Quantico, Virginia	239 SSgt D. M. Long N&MCRTC, Toledo, Ohio	238 Capt J. E. Smith Swan Island, Portland, Oregon

BRONZE MEDAL AND CERTIFICATE WINNERS

231 Capt T. C. Mulrennan MCRD, Parris Island, S. C.	238 Pfc R. D. Mac Nesney SpecInf, Compton, Calif.	238 Major T. Tunis MCRTC, Seal Beach, Calif.
230 Lt J. O. Spiller H&SBn, Parris Island, S. C.	238 Sgt B. L. Johnson 10thInfBn, Seattle, Wash.	237 Capt C. J. Crittenden Jr. 8thEngCo, Portland, Oregon
230 Capt W. O. Beard MCRD, Parris Island, S. C.	238 Pvt D. O. Bailey N&MCRTC, Worcester, Mass.	236 WO W. L. Morgan 1stTankBn, San Diego, Calif.

WINNERS OF LEATHERNECK CERTIFICATES

230 Capt N. J. Sheppard WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island, S. C.	238 Sgt H. G. DeHaven 6thSpecInfCo, Cumberland, Md.	236 Capt J. D. Billings 14thRifleCo, Kentfield, Calif.
227 Major A. Kositch MCSD, Barstow, Calif.	238 SSgt R. B. Wagner 4thSpecInfCo, New York, N. Y.	236 Lt R. E. Huffman MCRTC, Stockton, Calif.
224 Capt F. L. Franzman H&SBn, Parris Island, S. C.	238 Sgt J. F. Cryan 2ndInfBn, Boston, Mass.	236 Capt L. R. Lepore Jr. MCRTC, San Diego, Calif.
	238 Sgt B. T. Whitehead 5thInfBn, Detroit, Mich.	236 Lt K. R. White 2dEngFldMaintCo, Portland, Oregon
	238 Sgt G. A. Zoet N&MCRTC, Bellingham, Wash.	235 Lt C. K. Mahakian 21stSpecInfCo, Compton, Calif.
	237 Pvt A. B. Boyd 3dRifleCo, Nashville, Tenn.	235 Capt C. D. Corpening N&MCRTC, St. Louis, Mo.
	237 Pfc C. W. Sanders MCRTC, Santa Rosa, Calif.	235 Capt T. F. Gorman MCRTC, Miami, Florida
	237 Cpl R. D. Cochran 1stTankBn, San Diego, Calif.	235 Lt W. H. Pruitt MCRTC, Miami, Florida
	237 Pfc A. J. Robinson 2dInfBn, Boston, Mass.	234 Capt A. L. Snyder NavGunFact, Washington, D. C.
	237 Pvt C. L. Asch N&MCRTC, Portland, Oregon	234 Capt M. R. Chance 6thInfBn, Houston, Texas

TURN PAGE

Leatherneck Rifle Competition

Fourth Quarter, Second Annual

High Rifle

Winchester Rifle, Gold Medal and $50

TSGT. ERMON T. LEWIS—240
H&S Company, 3d Battalion, 6th Marines
2nd Marine Division
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Second Place

Silver Medal and $50

SGT. GLENN M. RANKIN—240
Marine Detachment
3rd Marine Aircraft Wing
Rifle Range Detail, U. S. Naval Station
Green Cove Springs, Florida

Third Place

Bronze Medal and $50

SGT. WALTER A. ETTLIN—238
MABS-15, MAG-15
MCAS, El Toro
Santa Ana, California

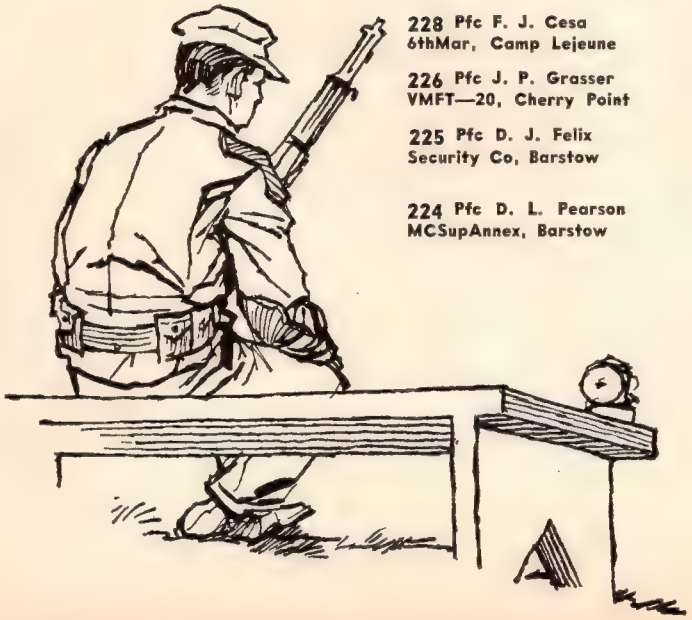
LEATHERNECK RIFLE COMPETITION

DIVISIONS A, B, C and D

WINNERS IN THE FOURTH QUARTER, SECOND ANNUAL

IN ADDITION TO THESE PRIZES, ALL WINNERS RECEIVED A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO LEATHERNECK

STAFF NCOs—SGTS	CORPORALS	PFCS—PVTS	RECRUITS
WINNERS OF GOLD MEDAL AND $30 IN CASH			
237 SSgt E. J. Fleming MCAS, Miami, Florida	237 J. P. Long 2ndMarDiv, Camp Lejeune	237 Pfc W. L. VerStraten MAD,NAS, Oakland, Calif.	233 D. H. Moore Jr. 2ndRecTrngBn, San Diego
WINNERS OF SILVER MEDAL AND $15 IN CASH			
236 SSgt T. P. Ayers Jr. MCSD, Camp Pendleton	235 J. W. Donaho Camp Fuji, FPO, San Francisco	236 Pfc W. R. Carey 2ndMarDiv, Camp Lejeune	232 J. A. Sandquist 6thRecTrngBn, San Diego
WINNER OF FIRST BRONZE MEDAL AND $15 IN CASH			
235 TSgt R. B. Breshears A Co, HqBn, HQMC	231 R. W. Edwards Camp Fuji, FPO, San Francisco	232 Pfc R. P. Bush 2ndMarDiv, Camp Lejeune	231 O. L. Crider 6thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDALS			
235 Sgt K. B. Holland A Co, MCS, Quantico, Va.	230 F. J. Smith H&SCo, Camp Lejeune	230 Pfc P. N. Whalen VMF(N)-531, Cherry Point	230 W. J. Deeds Jr. 7thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
235 Sgt W. T. Parsons NS, San Diego	230 R. W. Scott CommSect, Camp Lejeune	230 Pfc F. F. Floyd MB, MCI, Washington, D. C.	230 E. Molina 2ndRecTrngBn, San Diego
234 Sgt D. R. Girard H&SCo, Quantico	228 F. A. Lombardo WpnsCo, Camp Lejeune	230 Pfc W. L. Hood Jr. AES-12, MCAS, Quantico	230 W. J. Lee 5thRecTrngBn, San Diego
WINNERS OF LEATHERNECK CERTIFICATES			
234 Sgt J. D. Maxwell 2ndAmTracBn, Camp Lejeune	228 W. G. Cowan 6thMar, Camp Lejeune	229 Pfc L. J. Yanick 6thMar, Camp Lejeune	230 J. W. Pesheck 2ndRecTrngBn, San Diego
233 SSgt J. Valunas 2ndBn, Camp Lejeune	228 W. T. Moore 1stBn,6thMar, Camp Lejeune	228 Pvt J. D. Fuller Wpns Co, Camp Lejeune	230 J. D. Tracey 3dRecTrngBn, San Diego
233 Sgt J. Wesselhoff 2ndMedBn, Camp Lejeune		228 Pfc R. L. Behl 4.2Mortars, Camp Lejeune	229 W. D. Robinson 5thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
232 SSgt J. F. Mullins A Co, HqBn, HQMC		228 Pfc F. J. Cesa 6thMar, Camp Lejeune	228 D. W. Trippleton 7thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
232 MSgt S. R. Drenning HqCo, HqBn, HQMC		226 Pfc J. P. Grasser VMFT—20, Cherry Point	228 J. W. Graham 6thRecTrngBn, San Diego
232 TSgt M. E. Shaner MCSupAnnex, Barstow		225 Pfc D. J. Felix Security Co, Barstow	228 W. A. Connor 7thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
231 TSgt S. E. Dunlap Jr. HqCo, HqBn, Quantico		224 Pfc D. L. Pearson MCSupAnnex, Barstow	228 C. J. Linthicum 1stRecTrngBn, Parris Island
231 SSgt W. J. Clover HqBn, MCS, Quantico			228 M. R. Lowe 4thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
231 Sgt J. R. Flynn MAMS-14, Edenton, N. C.			228 R. C. Kelley 2ndRecTrngBn, Parris Island
230 MSgt J. J. Kafura A Co, HqBn, HQMC			227 P. F. Boyden 5thRecTrngBn, Parris Island



Friendship Day

More than half a century ago, Marines and Welsh Fusiliers began a lasting camaraderie

by Dana Rodriguez

EACH YEAR ON THE first day of March, a short, puzzling communique is received at Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington, D. C. The text of the message seems vague, but it's addressed to the Commandant and delivered pronto. There are only three words in the body of the message but they transmit a feeling of warm friendship between two famous fighting organizations—the U. S. Marine Corps and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The message: "And St. David."

And that's not code. For more than half a century, the Fusiliers have sent the Corps the same greetings on the feast day of the Welsh's patron—St. David. It was during the Boxer Rebellion while the two were fighting side-by-side to quell a Chinese uprising, that the Fusiliers singled out the Marines for special friendship.

A common enemy on foreign soil was responsible for the beginning of amity between the two military units. In 1900, a fanatical group of Chinese decided to rid their native soil of foreign intruders. The first rebel outburst brought a battalion of Marines under Major Littleton W. Waller, racing from the Philippines. Close on Waller's heels as he put ashore at Taku in North China came a battalion of the famous Twenty-third Regiment of Foot of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

There at the mouth of the Pieho River in 1850, Captain Josiah Tattnall of the Navy had uttered a famous phrase from aboard the man-of-war, *Toeywan*: "Blood is thicker than water." Fifty years later, the Britishers and the American Marines converted the quotation into deeds. They combined forces, merged into a column and assigned themselves the task of relieving the unarmed Foreign Concession near the Walled City of Tientsin, where Americans and Europeans, including women and children, were beleaguered beneath the hostile fire of the Boxers.

The column marched 97 miles in five days, fighting all the way and living on one ration a day. All this boondocking was merely by way of preparation—Tientsin blocked the road to Peiping and both had to be taken.

On the night of July 12, all available troops mustered on Victoria Road outside Tientsin, for an early morning attack.

In the creeping ribbon of early morning light, a Marine noticed a black ribbon sewed in the shape of a triangle on the back of one of the Welsh Fusiliers. He assumed it might be a mark by which the men could identify the Welsh officers during the confusion of battle.

Later that day, during a short lull from the incessant fire of the Chinese, with dead and wounded surrounding them, the Marine discussed the insignia with Captain Gwynne—a Welshman and commander of the battalion.

"You're wrong," said Capt. Gwynne. "These ribbons are the 'flash' preserved by us in memory of our service in America during your Revolutionary War."

At that time pigtails or queues were in full fashion, among soldiers and civilians alike. After the surrender of Yorktown the Welsh Fusiliers, wearing their queues, returned to England, and from there were sent to Martinique and San Domingo, then on to Nova Scotia.

Straight scoop travelled slowly in those days and it was more than a year before the Fusiliers learned that pigtails had become passé. As they were the last regiment to wear them, they took the black ribbons used to tie the periwig and sewed them to the backs of the collars of the tunics.

Gwynne had more to say about the battle against the Boxers, though. "This is a proud day for us," he told the Marine. "It's the first time in the history of our nations that the regular forces of each have acted together against a common enemy." The American Marine spread the word of the Welshmen's pride. Men of the two units dropped some of their aloofness and many enduring friendships were formed among them.

After the battle, Major Waller wrote in his official report:

"I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the Fusiliers. This battalion has been at our side since June 23. They have responded to my orders with the greatest alacrity and willingness.

On May 12, 1930, John Philip Sousa led the United States Marine Band in his composition, the "Royal Welsh Fusilier March" at the White House for President Herbert Hoover, Sir Roland Lindsay, the British Ambassador to the United States, and officials of the Washington, D. C. Gridiron Club

All the officers and men are ready to go anywhere."

And the British Brigadier Dorwood, who commanded the left flank during the Tientsin assault, reported in equally complimentary tones about the valor displayed by the American Marine Corps.

A Marine, later to become nationally famous, received the first of his two Congressional Medals of Honor for his part in repressing the rebellion. Singlehanded, Dan Daly held a crucial bastion until reinforcements came. After the support elements arrived, fighting on the wall, where Daly had staved off repeated attacks, continued for three more weeks.

Another outstanding Marine, Major General Smedley Butler, was still a lieutenant when he fought in the Boxer uprising. During the same battle for Tientsin, Butler was shot while carrying a wounded Marine to safety. Brigadier Dorwood of the British contingent watched Butler's heroic act with a warrior's admiration and wanted to present him with the Victoria Cross. At the time, however, American officers were not permitted to accept foreign decorations.

Another distinguished American, later to become President of the United States, was also involved in the Boxer Rebellion. Herbert Hoover was a young mining engineer trapped in besieged Tientsin, and was freed by the combined force of the United States Marines and the Welsh Fusiliers.

After their fighting together at Tientsin, the first evidence of the regard which the Fusiliers and the Marines held for each other came from the Welsh. Homeward bound from duty in North China, the regiment stopped at Hong Kong where they procured a loving cup and sent it to the battalion of Marines with whom they had fought.

Marines have shown reciprocal evidence of their esteem for the Fusiliers. In 1930, John Philip Sousa fulfilled a Marine Corps request when he composed the stirring "Royal Welsh Fusilier March" to honor the association which reached across the Atlantic.

The Fusilier March premiered on the evening of April 26, 1930, at the spring dinner of the famous Gridiron Club at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D. C. President Hoover eulogized the event. Friendships like the one which existed between the United States Marine Corps and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the President felt, helped further the cause of international peace.

Later that year, a warm welcome was accorded a contingent of United States Marines—veterans of the Boxer Rebellion—who journeyed to Tidesworth, England, where Sousa conducted the Royal Welsh band in a performance of his Fusilier March. The original manuscript of the March, plus the ivory baton used by Sousa, are proudly displayed at the Regimental Museum at Wrexham, England.

United States Marines and the Royal

TURN PAGE

When the firing ceased at the second annual rifle match between U.S. Marines from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Marines were in first place by a slim two-point margin. Brigadier Jackson, British commander in the Caribbean, presents an award to U. S. Marine

FRIENDSHIP DAY (cont.)

Welsh Fusiliers again teamed up at the beginning of the Sino-Japanese War in 1937, when they protected foreign lives and property in China—this time in Shanghai.

In the early days of World War II, the Marines received with regret news that the Royal Welsh Fusiliers had been cut to pieces during that tragic retreat at Dunkirk. Later, the regiment was reassembled and ordered to India. While the Marines were halting the Japanese conquest in the islands of Guadalcanal, Florida and Tulagi, the Fusiliers were fighting the same enemy in India.

Another token of friendship was exchanged between the two units in October, 1943, when the Fusiliers presented the official volumes of Regimental Records of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to the Marines—with appropriate compliments.

In 1951, the deeds of the First Marine Division in Korea were closely watched from the British Zone of Berlin, where the Fusiliers were then stationed. This year, most of the Welsh regiment is in Jamaica, while other units are fighting in Malaya.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers have as colorful a history as any regiment in the British Army. They were organized in 1689 to take part in the struggle of William of Orange against the attempts of a mighty Bourbon military autocrat to upset his rule.

Their patron is St. David—the patron Saint of the island of Wales, whose feast day is March 1. Every year on this date, the Fusiliers forego the daily toast to the King or Queen and lift their glasses to salute St. David. Another custom involves a ceremony called, "The Eating of the Leek." All newly joined officers, plus any current guests of the Fusiliers, are required to attend.

Amid mixed delight and confusion, many a visiting Marine has found himself standing in the prescribed manner —one foot on the dinner table, eating a raw leek, "to the roll of the drum and the smell of the goat." A leek is a plant similar to an onion. The goat, though, is an integral part of the ceremony and provides much of the fun.

One Marine officer who had been a guest at a Welsh banquet on St. David's Day, reported that at the dinner he attended, he not only had to have one foot on the table, but the other on his chair. The goat was running amuck around the table beneath him.

Originally the regimental goat, emblem of Wales, entered with his horns gilded and with a drummer boy on his back. In Boston in 1776, a goat used at the Fusiliers' St. David's Day dinner vaulted over the table and planted his rider among flying glass and debris.

The Fusiliers insist they feel no malice toward the memory of that fractious Yankee goat of Boston. Certainly their annual March 1 greetings bear this out, as they perpetuate a friendship started more than half a century ago.

In the first encounter the Fusiliers had with Americans in arms, they were our enemy and there was little thought during those days of the American fight for independence, of any forthcoming alliance and yearly pledges of friendship. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers were the target at Bunker Hill when the word was passed, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!"

But times have changed. In last year's reply to the Fusiliers' greeting, the Marines offered the Welsh, "hearty congratulations and best wishes of all Marines." They added that the Marines are proud of the splendid relationship that has existed over the years and expressed hope for its continuance. There's no doubt that it will. Old friends seldom part. **END**

CLAIM YOUR BOND!

HEADQUARTERS Marine Corps is holding more than $200,000 worth of unclaimed Savings, Defense and War Bonds. Beginning with this issue, LEATHERNECK will publish lists of the names of men and women who have bonds on file.

The first list appears below. If your name is on this list, a letter containing your name, current address, serial number and signature, addressed to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Code CDC, Savings Bond Unit, Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C. will bring your long forgotten bonds home, by return mail.

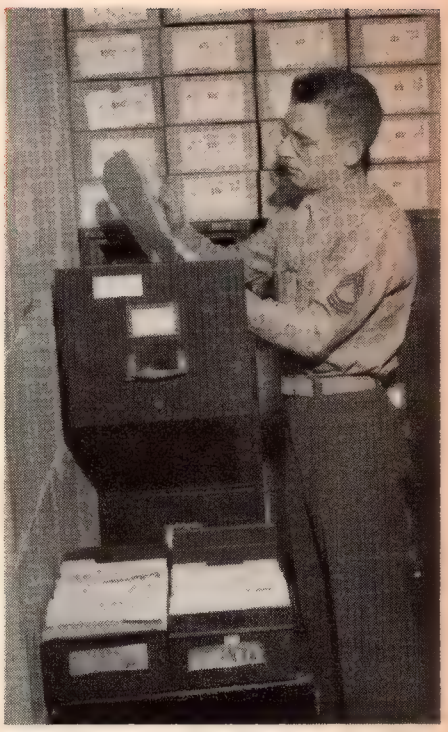


Photo by TSgt. Roland E. Armstrong

MSgt. Edward J. Sullivan makes certain his vault isn't like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. It's his job to account for Bonds that are held in safekeeping

ADAMS, Joe C. 992235
ADAMS, Robert S. 1206290
ADAMS, William R. 1306683
ADAMSON, Viles L. 1372168
ADCOCK, Gaston L. 1297261
ALBRECHT, Orlin W. 1290951
BAILEY, Vernon L. 612059
BAKER, Charles B. 1102290
BAKER, William L. 1071232
BALAKA, Walter 1212779
BALOG, James L. 659563
BANKER, Robert E. 583998
BARBER, Smith 643476
BARBERICH Mark P. 1059873
BARBOUR, Charles B. 322031
BARCLAY, Claude O. Jr. 1251437
BARDMESS, Robert E. 478576
BARKER, William A. 1188065
BARKLEY, James R. Jr. 1162142
BARNETTE, Herschall 315243
BARNHART, Dana L. 1123862
BARRACKMAN, Karl V. 1108567
BARTELDES, Frederick W. 533092
BASSETT, Lawrence L. 1314546
BLOOMFIELD, Ronald B. 1327415
BLURTON, John W. Jr. 1167406
BOARDMAN, Charles W. 1100013
BODEK, John 160401
BOE, George E. 307665
BOGUSIEWICZ, Stanley R. 1100744
BOLDEN, Clyde E. 642703
BONANNO, Peter 805200
BONE, Billy N. 1340038
CABALLERO, James B. 1224851
CAHILL, Edward D. 1115594
CALCAGNO, Nickolas A. 1189374
CALDERON, Conrad J. 289897
CALDWELL, Donald A. 1250171
CALLAHAN, Mark A. 368283
CALLAHAN, Basil M. 1067178
CAMERON, Donald B. 635149
CAMERON, Richard C. 1115758
CLEMONS, William E. 1300387
CLIFFORD, John O. J. 667853
CLINE, John J. 878557
CLOTT, Leland W. 959812
CLULOW, Peter M. 1091585
COAD, John J. 1345562
CRAVEN, Thomas J. F. 469804
CRAVENS, George W. 657773
CRAWFORD, David 1304544
CRESPIN, Gomizindo 1368847
CRIPPEN, Mary L. 768548
CRITTLE, Arthur 1308756
CURTO, Vincent A. 661770
CUSTARD, Donald M. 617477
CUSTER, Robert L. 1116046
CZARNIK, Edward F. 665196
DAHL, Eugene A. 1093509
DAHL, John 338515
DANDANEAU, Leonard E. 659341
DAURAY, Charles K. 1032639
DAVALOS, Mary E. 770038
DAVEY, Donald L. 1114841
DISHMON, Lloyd E. 1202349
DISON, Jerry 545852
DITTBRENNER, Earl J. 1071137
DOBBIN, William J. 581021
DOBESH, James J. 199306
DOERING, Robert O. 567643
DRAUGHAN, Ronald M. 1268173
DREILING, Linus 1195578
DREYFUS, Jacob J. Jr. 547039
DRUMMER, Earnest 668872
DRYE, Kenneth H. 1249981
DUBOSE, John 1216240
EALES, Thomas M. 1031416
EDMOND, Roderick J. 1123527
EELLS, Marie K. 703782
ELLIOTT, Charles A. 218083
ELLISON, Thomas R. 664761
EPP, William G. 1079177
EUBANKS, Junior M. 642466
FAGAN, James H. 987291
FAGON, Alfred J. Jr. 1123576
FARLEY, Thomas H. J. 516673
FARMER, Charles E. 657846
FINCHER, John H. Jr. 666607
FINE, Gordon E. 534952
FISHER, William P. 534911
FISK, Edward K. 1180844
FLETCHER, James R. 653417
FLORES, Joseph A. 1138529
FRALEIGH, Donald J. 804615
FUENTESROIS, Daniel 1210450
GALANTE, William A. 1205408
GARCIA, Ramon H. 659895
GERSPACH, Ronald 1098658
GIFFIN, Francis W. 1193932
GLASGOW, Robert T. 662533
GOLDBLATT, Carl M. 1208580
GONZALES, Antonio 1195258
GRAY, Roy A. 524903
GRIFFIN, Samuel B. 1129153
GROTH, James W. 557080
GUIDROZ, Levi Jr. 841140
GURRY, Lewis M. 659251
HAASE, Arthur L. 931928
HAGGERTY, Paul J. 373093
HALE, Jay 280515
HALL, Merrill G. 357264
HAMBY, Constance W. 770558
HAMILTON, Edward Jr. 1002493
HANLEY, Thomas A. Jr. 1112878
HANSEN, Wendell E. 861842
HARLING, Calvin Jr. 1004962
HARRIS, Robert L. 1177142
HART, Robert J. 854778
HATT, Donald K. 1081351
HAWLEY, James C. 611488
HAYMON, Jimmie R. 1122439
HEINS, William R. Jr. 1083743
HENDERSON, A. L. 981782
HERBERT, Cameron S. 388274
HESSLER, Raymond G. 1027519
HIGGINS, George R. 1112842
HILL, Thomas H. 654668
HINSON, Eugene W. 1345567
HOFF, Paul R. 1095636
HOLDEN, Walter C. 1228658
HOLMBERG, Vernel P. 286209
HORTON, Herman L. 1052136
HOWELL, Charles P. 1191197
HUFFMAN, Oscar J. 1153928
HUMPHREY, Urban J. 222932
HUNTER, Barrett R. 1164993
HYATT, Jack L. 576346
HYSELL, Robert D. 437492
IAMES, Jack E. 1320272
JACK, Dallas R. 820465
JARVIS, Gale F. 1137753
JOANNIDES, Galmos 502426
JOHNSON, Leroy D. 1072874
JOHNSON, Richard E. 1233544
JONES, Carl E. 559631
JORDAN, Robert R. 1083291
KADLEC, Richard P. 1053287
KASSNER, Richard N. 1085600
KEENE, Donald M. 663081
KENEALY, Mary E. 757809
KENTON, Harry A. 242124
KING, Ray T. 1293390
KINSMAN, Gene D. 335702
KLEIN, Louis P. 221421
KOTTAS, Richard R. 1115775
KROM, Alton K. 414051
KUHN, Allen E. 611267
KUTCHINSKI, Albert J. 440274
LACAVERA, Raymond 557491
LACEY, Wilson J. 314635
LANCASTER, Robert L. Jr. 842917
LANIER, Robert L. 1205270
LAUDISIO, Mario L. 274510
LAWRENCE, Alden D. 568083
LECOMTE, Curtis L. 1194899
LEGGIERO, Giuseppe 1304605
LEVIS, William A. 1123727
LEWIS, Theodore R. 456595
LISTER, George 594544
LOCKERY, Orville G. 940443
LOPEZ, Alvarez F. 1210511
LOWE, John V. 833509
LURA, Robert L. 1121878
LYNCH, Samuel 1336012
MACKE, Joseph W. Jr. 1087927
MALACK, Jack V. 1180617
MANGANICE, Joe S. 1223148
MAPLES, Floyd H. 637099
MARKWITZ, Leonard R. 1056075
MARSH, Leon M. 638478
MARTIN, Ernest W. Jr. 1086411
MARTINEZ, Edmund O. 1083866
MARX, Edmund N. Jr. 1129212
MATONIS, Thomas G. 861567
MATTHIAS, Raymond C. 1052553
MAYERHOFF, Henry E. 1112667
McCARTHY, Richard M. 393733
McCOLLUM, David C. 816270
McCULLOUGH, Thomas C. 993866
McDORMAN, Leroy D. Jr. 358102
McGINNIS, Bulah 657646
McKEE, Edward P. 381852
McLAUGHLIN, Thornton L. 1123707
McMENEMY, Harry L. Jr. 1107635

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)

we the Marines

Edited by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

United Press Photo

First American to be wed in ancient Tower of London was Cpl. Ray Schubert. Newlyweds got congratulations from Chief Yeoman Warder

London Wedding

When Corporal Raymond Schubert, London Embassy Detachment, and pretty Rosemary Reece, daughter of a former Yeoman Warder of the Tower of London, decided to marry they took advantage of an ancient British custom. It permits persons connected with the old fortress to marry there.

The stone prison has had a long and forbidding history since its legendary founding by Julius Caesar. Sir Walter Raleigh lost his head there, and some of Henry VIII's unwanted queens met a similar fate on the executioner's block inside its chill walls. Today, the prison still serves as the last residence of the Crown's traitors and murderers. It also houses England's Crown jewels, protected by a battalion of His Majesty's Guards. These guards, called Yeoman Warders, still wear the Tudor uniform of five centuries ago.

Against this ancient, historic background, Korea veteran Schubert added a little history of his own. The U. S. Marine became the first American to be wed in the Tower of London.

Jinx Jumpers

Friday the thirteenth is just another day in the precarious lives of parachute-jumping TSgt. Henry M. Green and Sgt. Robert M. Stifel. As instructors at the Parachute Rigger School, Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., both men are required to make periodic drops.

On a recent Friday the 13th, word was passed for the two instructors to stand by for a jump. Each sergeant looked at the other, then remarked audibly, "Gosh . . . this will be my *13th* jump."

Since neither man was superstitious, the coincidence was casually dismissed without further thought. In fact, to flaunt the jinx both men walked under the plane's ladder before climbing aboard.

When the plane reached the right altitude, the jumpmaster made his routine checks, then yelled: "Go!"

As the two parachutists floated earthward, each glanced at his wristwatch and noted the time: exactly *1300*.

They made it.

MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Teacher Wore Greens

At Gifu, Japan, a small group of English teachers wear Marine uniforms and may rank anywhere from Private First Class to Lieutenant Colonel. They travel the bumpy, rural roads of Japan, helping high school students over the bumps in English pronunciation. All are members of the Third Marine Division and each has at least two years of college study behind him.

Of the 28 qualified applicants who volunteered for the school teaching mission, 16 Marines and three Corps-

men were accepted. Despite the wide phonetic variation between English and Japanese, each student is fired with a sincere desire to learn the new language. Classes average more than 100 students.

Since teaching is the best way to learn, the men from the Third Divvie are rewarded by getting the chance to brush up on their own grammar while taking advantage of a rare opportunity to learn Japanese customs and its school system at first hand.

Present plans call for an indefinite continuation of weekly high school classes, which Marines will man on an after-hours basis as long as the Division remains in the area.

"We'll stay with it," promises one Marine instructor, "until we recognize a Brooklyn accent in the class . . . then we've had it!"

PIO Third Marine Div.

Forever Female

There were some raised eyebrows at Cherry Point, N. C., recently when a private first class reported from Lakehurst, N. J., with orders assigning her to the Second Marine Aircraft Wing.

The orders obviously needed some modification. What to do until the necessary changes could be made posed a problem.

Pfc Olga Pesesky, technically a member of the Second Wing for more than 48 hours until the error was corrected, is believed to be the first woman to "serve" with the all male unit.

Lady Marines are normally ordered to Woman Marine Detachment 2, at the Marine Corps Air Station. This time, however, the orders assigning Pfc Pesesky to the Second Wing were disregarded and she was assigned to the Woman Marine barracks.

PIO, MCAS Cherry Point

Air-Minded Grandma

Little old ladies don't ordinarily go for helicopter rides with Marines, but a 75-year-old great-grandmother, Rose S. Pearson, recently got permission to take a ten-minute spin over the Marine Corps Air Station at Santa Ana, Calif.

"When can I fly with the Marines again?" was her first question as Colonel James L. Neefus pinned "wings" to her coveralls making her an honorary Marine Corps pilot.

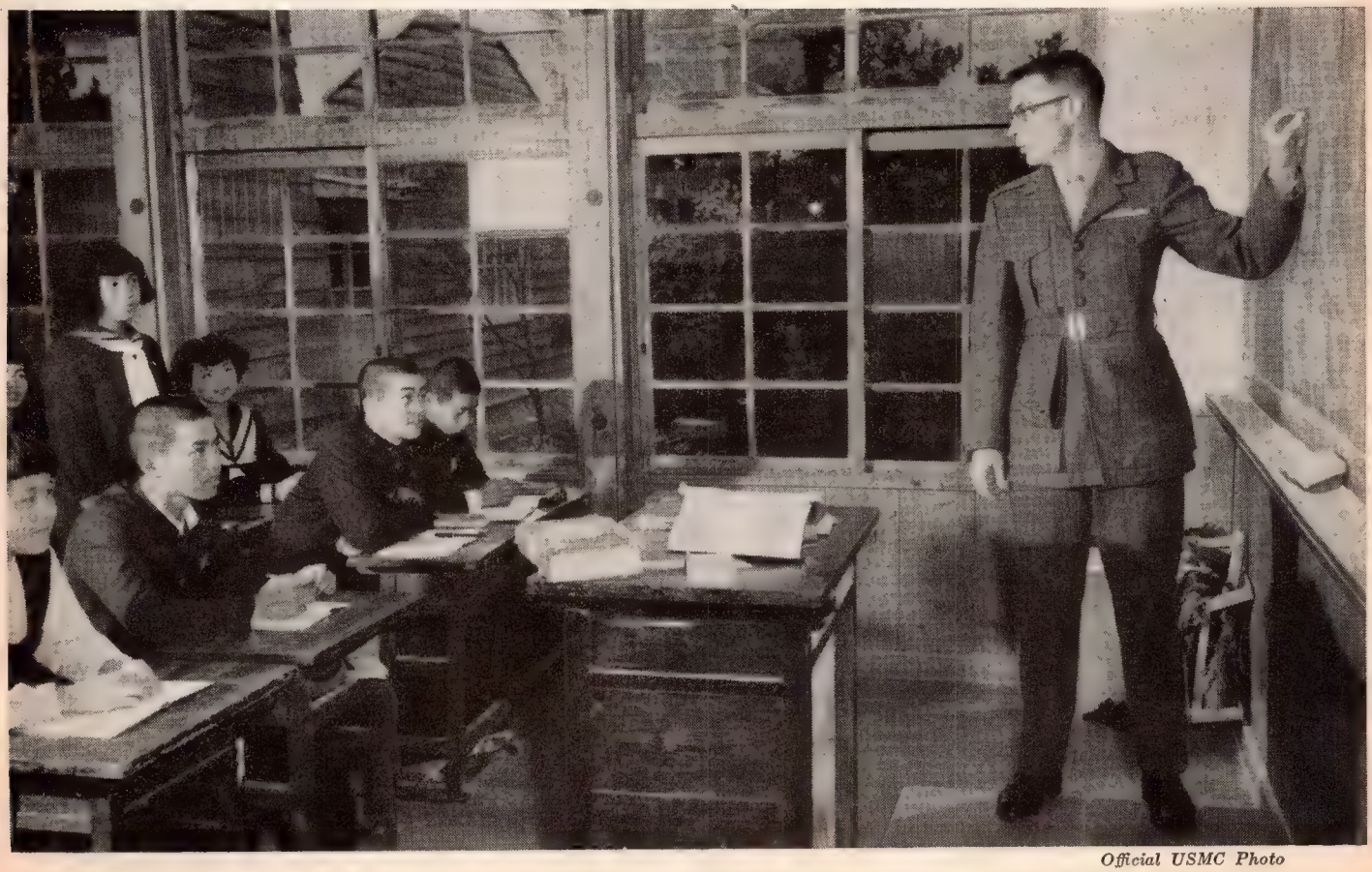
On hand for her first whirlybird flight, piloted by Major Walter Scarborough, were her two sons, two grandsons, a great-grandson, and her husband.

Back in 1902, Mrs. Pearson recalls, she went aloft in a balloon when her first husband, Stanley Spencer, a noted aeronaut, encouraged her to make the flight. She earned the title of the first feminine airship skipper.

There was also another time when she went up in the clouds with a Marine. That was with a young bandleader named John Philip Sousa, who was also a balloon enthusiast. He later composed a melody in Mrs. Pearson's honor.

AFPS

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Pfc Billy Knox is one of 19 members of the Third Marine Division to be accepted as English teachers in Gifu, Japan. Ranking from Pfc to Lt. Col., the tutors aid the students with English pronunciations

Photo by TSgt. R. E. Armstrong

TSgt. Jack Runnells devotes his spare time trying to grow better corn for the Koreans

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

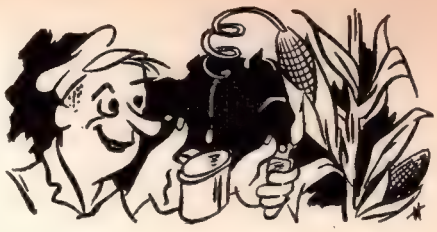
Korea Project One

Korea's rehabilitation program is slated to get a boost from TSgt. Jack P. Runnells if his extra-curricular experiments with the Korean soil continue to prove successful. Runnells is a wire chief with the Communications Section of the First Marine Aircraft Wing, but spends his spare time hunting ways to grow better corn for the Koreans.

Runnells studied the rich Korean soil and could see no reason why the natives could grow only a scraggy bush holding one or two thin ears of corn. Since he is a farmer in civilian life, Runnells decided to call on some old friends—the DeKalb Agricultural Association—for some help. The Stateside experts came across with some sample seeds of three varieties of field and one type of sweet corn.

Seven days later, in a plot of ground selected by Runnells, healthy-looking corn poked through the soil and the strong looking stalks bore promise of bigger, more profitable ears of corn for the Koreans.

Runnells has made plans for Korean Project No. 1, as he calls it, to continue at First Marine Aircraft Wing headquarters even after his return to the States. His buddies have promised to look after the corn and send some samples back to DeKalb for further study.



"No reason why it shouldn't be successful," says Runnells, "unless some enterprising mess sergeant takes up a nightly patrol during the harvest season."

END

Official USMC Photo

It was a rare coincidence when Henninger brothers—Norton, Edgar, Frank, Archie—were assigned to same aviation school in Memphis

Photo by TSgt. Babyack

No one is immune to training. Pvt. Jiggs, Quantico mascot, attends lecture on UCMJ

Photo by MSgt. D. L. Versaw

Star of Recruiting Service's "Eileen Barton Show" models new blouse, Marine emblem

SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 11*]

must fire expert, then requalify three times in succession to rate the bar, making a total of four straight times that a Marine must fire expert to rate the bar. We say that the words (not necessarily consecutively) were intended for people who for some reason do not get an opportunity to fire during a year. Please set us straight.

SSgt. M. D. Fleming
Hq. Co., Hq. Bn.,
Third Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *An individual must qualify initially (as a marksman, sharpshooter, or expert) before he can fire for requalification. After the initial qualification, an individual who requalifies as an expert rifleman three times (not necessarily consecutively) is entitled to the expert requalification bar.*

In the case you cited, the Marine would not rate the bar if 1947 was the first time he fired, because that year would count as qualification and not requalification. He would have to fire expert once more, in any year, to rate the bar. A Marine does not have to fire expert three times in succession to rate the bar. Thus, he would rate it for 1947, 1950, and 1951 if he had qualified in any of the three categories prior to 1947.—Ed.

NSLI

Dear Sir:

I have a five-year-level-term National Service Life Insurance policy on which I have been paying since 1943. Since I do not want to convert this insurance to 20 pay life, or to any of the other permanent plans of insurance, what I would like to know is whether or not I would lose anything, (like having lump sum payment made to my dependents upon my death), if I waived payment of the premiums on this insurance under that insurance act that came out in 1951.

Name withheld by request

● *If you are referring to the Servicemen's Indemnity Act of 1951 (Public Law 23, 82nd Congress, 65 Stat. 33) as amended, you do not lose anything by waiving your payment of premiums on the five year level term NSLI. If you waive the payment of premiums on NSLI, the previous selections you have made or the selections you make in the future, i.e., beneficiary and method of payment to the beneficiary, will continue in effect the same as if you were paying the premiums and will not necessarily cause your dependents to receive 120 monthly payments. Further, if you waive your premium, you still have the alternative of picking up this insurance if discharged or retired at the same premium rate as you would be paying if you continued to pay the premiums. The only way you lose anything is by* not *waiving your payment of premiums.*

There are approximately 2800 Marines who, apparently, are afraid they will lose by waiving the premiums in the NSLI policy, since they are still paying the premiums on the five year level term plan.—Ed.

OBLIGATED SERVICE

Dear Sir:

A friend of mine told me about an article that appeared in your magazine recently that might affect my present status in the Reserves, so I am writing this letter in hopes that you may be able to clarify the matter for me.

I'll explain my situation briefly, and if there is a possibility of me being released from the Reserves, I certainly would appreciate any information that would help me accomplish it.

I was drafted originally in May, 1946, and served 10 months and 21 days in the U. S. Army. At that time I was discharged by an Act of Congress which allowed all of the draftees to be released at that time. Then I was drafted in September, 1951, and served two years in the U. S. Marine Corps and upon my release I was notified that I'd be placed in the Reserves for an additional six years. I will be 26 years of age in December if that has any bearing on this.

Robert J. Bollweg
4262 West 1st Street,
Los Angeles 4, Calif.

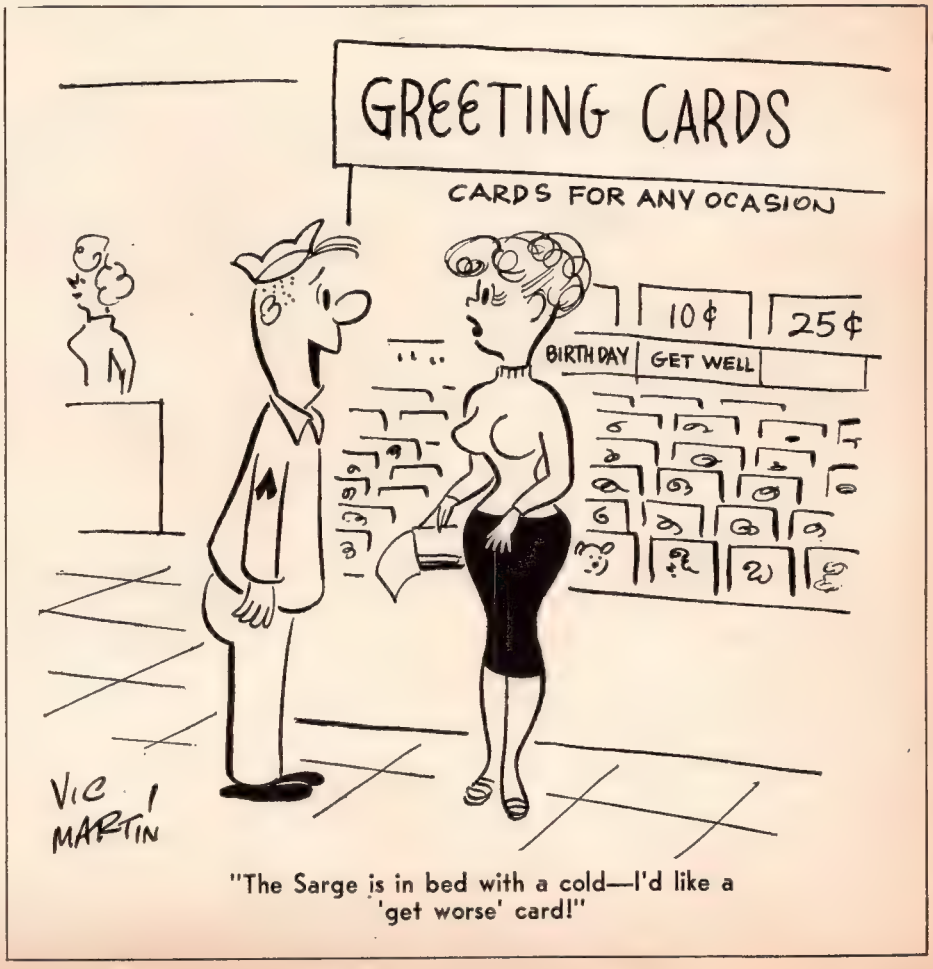
● *The information you desire can be found in Change Number 2 of Marine Corps General Order Number 127. Your Director, Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District, should have a copy of this directive.—Ed.*

LOST CITATION

Dear Sir:

I received the Letter of Commendation with Medal for service in Korea. Our local newspaper asked to borrow the citation to print in the newspaper, but while it was in their possession it was lost. I have written to many addresses in Washington but to no avail. Could you please tell me the address

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)



"The Sarge is in bed with a cold—I'd like a 'get worse' card!"

Edited by Sgt. Hazel D. Calden

IN RESERVE

Reserve Training Program

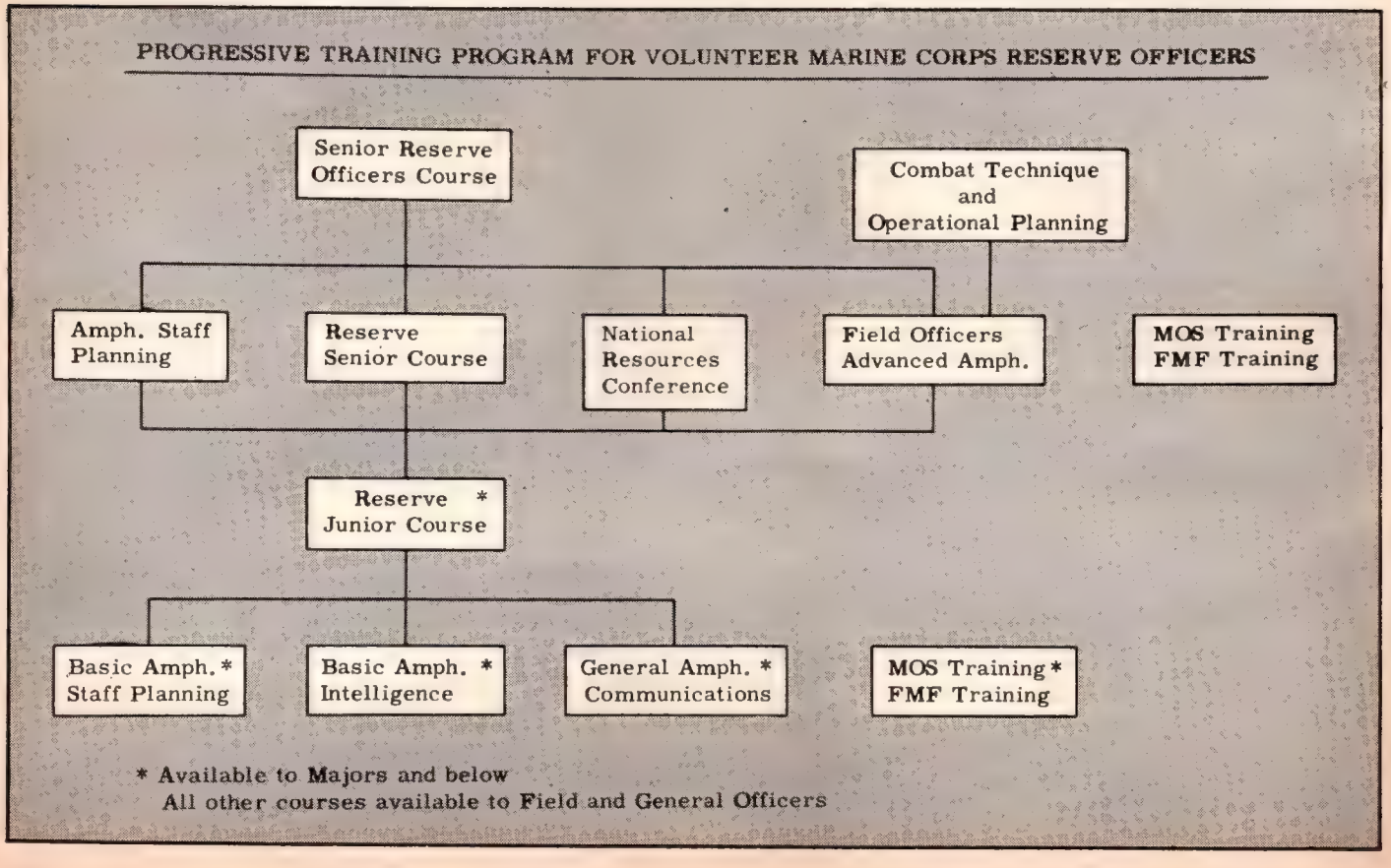
Marine Corps Reservists on inactive duty are now being offered a long-range training objective which parallels that accorded the Regulars. The new program, developed after a two-year study, marks the first time the Marine Corps has offered such a training syllabus to its volunteer reservists.

This year, Marine Reserve Officers attending annual two-week training sessions will be offered a variety of formal technical courses, occupational specialty courses, and Fleet Marine Force training. The training is now programmed to permit reservists to advance into the complex phases of military planning and warfare techniques. A similar plan is being prepared for enlisted reservists.

To complete the entire syllabus would require 20 annual two-week duty periods with every third year devoted to occupational specialty or Fleet Marine Force training. The Marine Corps deems both of these necessary for reservists to remain proficient in their military occupations. The training plan is arranged to accommodate all reserve officers at instructional levels commensurate with their current rank.

The keystone of the new program is the Reserve Junior Course, a condensation of the Junior Course for regular officers, which is available to reserve majors and below. On the next level, the Reserve Senior Course also requires two annual training periods for completion. Reserve Officers in all ranks will have access to courses in advanced amphibious warfare, intelligence, communications, administration, and Naval justice.

Annual training in any of these courses will give reservists at least 27 reserve retirement credit points and will keep them off the Inactive Status List, which would make them ineligible for promotion and retirement pay. Marine Corps installations are being readied at the Troop Training Units,


PROGRESSIVE TRAINING PROGRAM FOR VOLUNTEER MARINE CORPS RESERVE OFFICERS
Senior Reserve Officers Course
Combat Technique and Operational Planning
Amph. Staff Planning
Reserve Senior Course
National Resources Conference
Field Officers Advanced Amph.
MOS Training FMF Training
Reserve * Junior Course
Basic Amph. * Staff Planning
Basic Amph. * Intelligence
General Amph. * Communications
MOS Training * FMF Training
* Available to Majors and below
All other courses available to Field and General Officers

Atlantic and Pacific, Camp Pendleton and Marine Corps Schools, Quantico.

Reserve PIO

Lopez Range

The Lieutenant Boldomero Lopez Range, small bore and pistol range of the 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion, was dedicated recently at Tampa, Florida. Many dignitaries from Tampa and the surrounding area were present. The honor speaker for the occasion was Colonel John F. Hough, Director, Sixth Marine Reserve and Recruitment District. After the invocation, read by Commander Walker, USNR, Colonel Hough was introduced by Lieutenant Colonel Charles N. Putnam, Commanding Officer of the 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion. Col. Hough gave a detailed account of the life of the man in whose honor the range was named.

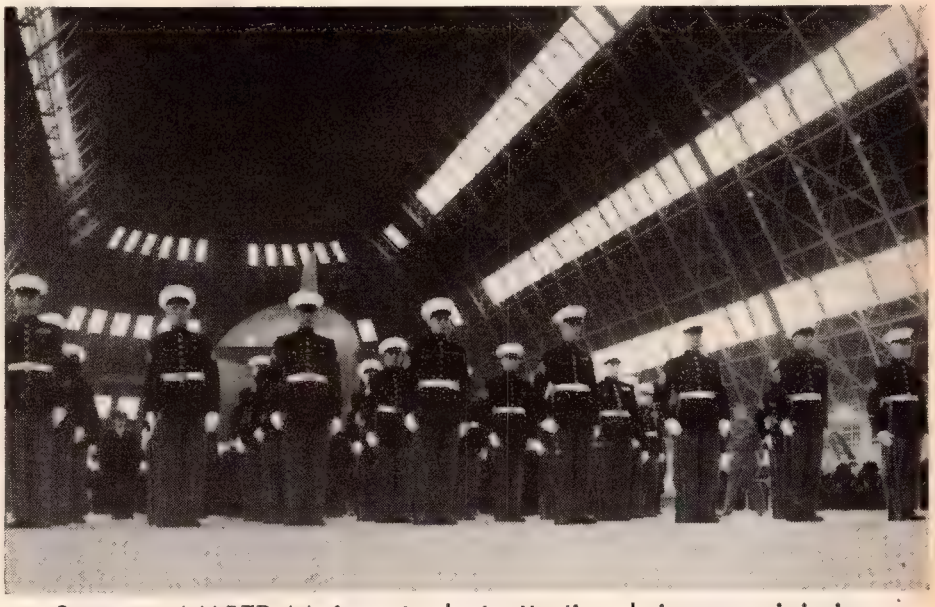
The late Lieutenant Lopez was born in Brooklyn and raised in Tampa. He was an ROTC Colonel during his senior year in Hillsborough High School, where he also received the American Legion Award for scholarship and leadership. He was First Essayist of his class, and was chosen Junior Rotarian.

He entered the Navy as a seaman in 1943. One year later he was admitted to the Naval Academy. Upon graduation from Annapolis in 1947, he chose the Marine Corps. After basic school at Quantico, he was sent to San Francisco, Guam and China. In 1950 he was promoted to first lieutenant and went from Camp Pendleton to the Inchon landing. In addition to the Medal of Honor, he held the Purple Heart, Presidential Unit Citation with one Bronze Star, China Service Medal, and the Korean Service Medal with two Bronze Stars.

Col. Hough read the citation which accompanied Lt. Lopez's posthumous award of the Medal of Honor, and presented a silver plaque, bearing the lieutenant's name, to his mother, Mrs. Balsomere Lopez. The ceremony closed with the benediction by Commander Walker.

6th MCR&RD PIO

Mrs. Balsomere Lopez accepts plaque honoring her son, Lt. Boldomero Lopez, Medal of Honor winner. Col. J. F. Hough makes presentation



Squantum MARTD Marines stand at attention during commissioning of new NAS, South Weymouth, Mass. Big hangar dwarfs formation

Honor Outfit

Like all Marines, the men of the Marine Air Reserve Training Detachment, NAS, Squantum, Mass., knew they were a pretty sharp outfit, but the Sailors on the base passed out few compliments.

However, proof of the "superiority" came recently when the Marine Detachment Honor Guard was inspected by Rear Admiral Charles B. Momsen, USN, during the commissioning of the new Naval Air Station, South Weymouth, Mass. Coming from a man with a reputation throughout the Navy for being a stickler at inspections, his plaudit was a choice plum.

Marine Air Reserve Training Detachment PIO

To A "T"

They may not have studied the laws of fashion, but members of the 2nd 105 Howitzer Battery, Miami, Florida, have adopted a "T" shirt for wear with "civvies" which has already paid off as a publicity aid. The Battalion Queen, Miss Joyce Chrest, donned a "T" shirt and is well remembered by readers of *Leatherneck* as the January pin-up. She may also be seen in the current *Esquire* calendar.

6th MCR&RD Bulletin

Apostolic TAD

When sufficient extras failed to appear for a matinee performance of "The Passion Play of the Black Hills" scheduled by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Lynchburg, Va., they called out the Marines.

TURN PAGE

S. D. Berry presents trophy to Lt. Col. Bob Griffin, CO of 1st Tank Bn. Unit float won prize in San Diego Yule parade

the Apostles and Disciples. After their dramatic stint as "sups", they rushed back to the parking lot and supervised the withdrawal of the traffic.

The Guidon-5th District

Semper Fi

When the Browns of Boston get together for a family reunion, it's a safe bet that conversation doesn't stray from Marine Corps doings. The family of TSgt. James E. Brown, Sr., five strong, is 100% Marine. Head of the clan, pop James, a Marine for 12 years, is a member of the I&I Staff of the Second Engineering Co., Lynn, Mass. His wife, Mildred, was a Tech. Sgt. at the Boston Recruiting Station during WW II.

Brown's three children, by a former marriage, grew into the forrest green naturally. James Jr., 24, a sergeant formerly with the First Marine Division in Korea, is currently stationed at Headquarters, 1st Marine Reserve and Recruitment District, in Boston. So is daughter Lillian, 22, who joined the Corps in 1950. The rear guard is brought up by Pfc George Brown, 19. He enlisted in 1952 and is now assigned as a guard at the Atomic Energy Plant, Clarksville, Tennessee.

1st MCR&RD PIO

END

IN RESERVE (cont.)

Members of the 8th Special Infantry Company of this city had been originally scheduled to direct traffic for the performance, but when the chips were down, they had the dramatic situation well in hand. Personnel rushed from the parking lot to the dressing rooms and donned the robes and beards of

It's "Eyes Right" for six of the prettiest dolls in the Marine Corps. They were created by the Woman Supply Platoon, 2d Dep. Supply Bn., Philadelphia

In Boston the Brown family prefers Marine green. Mrs. Brown wears WW II uniform

BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is *Leatherneck's* interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

NEW FITNESS REPORTS . . . Noncommissioned Officers of the rank of Sergeant and above will have new fitness reports, beginning this month, according to Marine Corps General Order 136-53. The new report will differ from the old evaluation sheet in that the personnel being reported on will have the opportunity to review and complete the fitness report AFTER the markings have been made. The report procedures are similar, in most respects, to the routine used in marking officers' reports.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS ON "Q" ALLOTMENTS . . . The oft-heard cry, "What happened to my allotment check?" could be reduced to a minimum by one small chore. The Allotment Officer, HQMC, reports that many Marine families fail to notify the Post Office when they move. If the Post Office does not know your new address, it is impossible to forward your allotment check. According to Lieutenant Colonel J. F. Elder, Allotment Officer, hundreds of checks are returned to the Washington office each month because of incorrect addresses. Address Change Notice NAVMC 401-SD (Rev 12-52) is normally distributed at least twice a year with the allotment checks. Even then, according to Colonel Elder, the form is just a convenience. In the event a form card is not available when a family moves, a post card or letter addressed to: Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code CDC), Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington 25, D.C., will be sufficient. The following information should be included: serviceman's name, serial number, old and new address. This change of address is in addition to the regular form you should leave with your Postmaster before you move.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE . . .Excess and obsolete text materials are no longer available from the Marine Corps Institute.

Such materials as were available to commands for use in education and technical training programs were listed in Headquarters Marine Corps Special Services Newsletter No. 4-53.

Since the publication of the Newsletter, however the material listed has been exhausted, and no more requests for them can be filled by the Institute.

X-COUNTRY TRANSFERS . . . Due to high transportation costs, the Detail Branch, HQMC, has been taking a second look before telling a man with dependents to pack up and move cross-country. Under the career service plan, NCOs are transferred to billets which will give them a wide variety of experience in their respective MOSs. However, with the exception of overseas transfers, cross-country moves are being held to the minimum consistent with the needs of the service.

TURN PAGE

KIN CAN BENEFIT FROM YOUR RETIREMENT PLAN . . . The Uniform Services Contingency Option Act of 1953, which came into effect last November, enables surviving kin to benefit from a serviceman's retirement monies.

The new legislation will permit service personnel to set up an annuity for their survivors by utilizing part of their retirement pay for that purpose.

Four basic options are available:

(1) An annuity payable to the widow until she dies or is remarried.

(2) An annuity payable to a serviceman's child or children—equally divided between them—while they are under 18 and unmarried.

(3) An annuity payable to the widow (until she remarries) and surviving children (until they reach the age of 18).

(4) An annuity payable in accordance with any of these plans with the stipulation that if there are no beneficiaries eligible to receive annuities, full retired pay would be restored and no further deductions made.

The total cost of the plan to the Government is expected to be no more than the normal retirement costs. The retired serviceman would be drawing less pay during his lifetime in order that his survivors may share in a portion of his retirement pay after his death.

To activate the option plan an individual on active duty must elect his option before completing 18 years of service. If he already has 18 years service the option must be picked up within 180 days of the effective date, 1 November 1953. Persons already retired must also elect within 180 days.

UNIFORM REGULATIONS . . . The Service Winter Jacket, M-1950, will be recognized as the uniform-of-the-day for formations where the Service Winter Uniform is prescribed. According to the recent revision of the uniform regulations, contained in ALMARCON 13, which changes Paragraph 49302-2 Marine Corps Manual and Marine Corps Memorandum 33-53, the jacket will be worn as an optional piece of clothing until October, 1954 or whenever the Winter Service Uniform is prescribed for 1954.

INCOME TAX . . . All military personnel requiring assistance in filing income tax, both Federal and State, should contact their Legal Assistance Officer. The LAOs are equipped to assist and inform servicemen and women on all phases of the tax procedures.

NEW RESERVE EAD TOUR . . . According to a recent CMC letter, Reservists with no prior military service who enlisted after January 1, 1954, and volunteer for Extended Active Duty with the Marine Corps before July 1, 1954, will be ordered to EAD for a period of two years. Those requesting EAD after the July date, the letter said, will be required to serve THREE YEARS. Personnel who enlisted in the Reserve program prior to the first of the year, with the understanding that they may serve two years EAD, will be permitted to do so. The Commandant's letter stated the reason for the change in policy is that two-year tours are uneconomical from the budget standpoint.

END

SPORT SHORTS

by Sgt. Robert C. Southee

Leatherneck Staff Artist

FAME SOMETIMES can be like a fickle woman. Hundreds of athletes gain fame every year by being nominated All-Something-Or-Other. But who can recall their names as the calendars slip away? Football heroes enjoy a longer stand in the sportlight than basketball stars who shine for a short time, then disappear. Maybe that's why the cagers play hard and fast, trying to crowd a maximum of action into a minimum of time.

Take Richie Regan, the Quantico Cat. At Seton Hall, Regan, who measures six-feet-two, literally played in the shadow of Walter Dukes, a prolific scorer who stands seven feet even and was considered better publicity material. Nevertheless, it was Richie the Cat who fired Seton Hall to the National Invitation Tournament crown. Tops at play-making, he was no slouch at the hoop. The 469 points he bucketed were one of the reasons he wound up an All-American. In the first eight engagements for the Quantico quintet this season he averaged better than 20 points a game, and is one reason the Big Q expects to cop the All-Marine championship for the third year running.

Pacific Coast fans didn't get an opportunity to forget a youngster named Tony Vlastelica who headlined Camp Pendleton's basketball business a couple of seasons back. After announcing he was going to school at the University of Washington, the ex-corporal promptly enrolled at Oregon State. Against arch-foe Oregon last year, "The Hook" unleashed the long, arching shot which earned him that nickname and left Oregonians open-jawed when he flung 17 tries from away out—dropping 12 of them through the cords. This year, the threat from the West Coast offered the Midwest a sample of his prowess when Oregon State snapped an Indiana win streak, 76-72. Vlastelica's play-making was a big factor.

The professional hoop ranks can point to opportunity or oblivion but Andy Phillip, alumnus of the Marine Corps, the NBA's Philadelphia and Chicago franchises and currently with Fort Wayne, has one sure claim to fame. He's the only man who pulled duty with both the East and West All-Star teams! **END**

A TRIO OF HOOPSTERS WHO SPECIALIZE IN NOT SCORING! FINE SHOTS THEMSELVES, THESE GENEROUS GENTS ARE EXPERT PASSERS...
ANDY PHILLIP,
ACE PRO PLAYMAKER FOR SIX YEARS, HAS TWICE LED THE LEAGUE IN ASSISTS !!!
TONY VLASTELICA
A SCORING ARTIST IN THE CORPS, TONY NOW FEEDS 7'3" WADE HALBROOK, THE BEAVERS PRIZE POINT PRODUCER!
BE MY GUEST!
15
SOUTHEE · USMC ·
RICHIE REGAN
"THE CAT", WHOSE ASSISTS AT SETON HALL AIDED WALTER DUKES, IS NOW SETTING 'EM UP AT QUANTICO!

Crazy Captions

"Want your back scratched, honey?"

"Bring the boat in closer to shore next time, coxs'n!"

"When's the last time you shaved?"

"Okay if I let this guy clean his fingernails, Sarge?"

"You and your unarmed grenade!"

CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST

HERE'S another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions.

Leatherneck will pay $25.00 for the craziest caption received before April 1, 1954. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the picture at the right, print it on the line below the photo and fill in your name and complete address.

Tear out the picture and coupon and mail to Leatherneck Magazine, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the May issue.

.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

.....

NARA LIBERTY

[*continued from page 39*]

Japanese propagandists had given the Marines a reputation which had bred hatred for the Corps in the hearts of the people of Nara. For five years, 1941 to '45, they had been told ridiculous, fabulous lies about the United States Marines which, if true, would have made them the envy of Hitler's infamous SS Corps. When word of the Marines' arrival reached Nara weeks in advance of the convoy, Communist groups—they still flourish in central Honshu—made strenuous efforts to rekindle flames of hatred, now almost non-existent, which had been so carefully fed and nurtured by Japan's military leaders of a decade ago. They scurried from door to door and held mass meetings to push their hate campaign and revive the words of the now extinct imperialists.

This was the town in which the Fourth Marine Regiment was slated to pull "duty for an indefinite period." This great little city of ageless culture, of priceless traditions, beautiful parks —and an unfriendly population—was to be the liberty town of some 4000 Marines.

Consequently, liberty didn't come easy for the men of the Fourth. In fact, during the first few weeks liberty cards were as scarce as ice cubes at Guadalcanal back in '42. At first the entire town was placed off limits; Marines could travel to Osaka or Kyoto, more than an hour's ride by electric car, or visit the smaller towns outside a five mile radius from Nara's city limits. It didn't take long for the men of the Fourth Regiment to realize the truth: They didn't have a "town all to themselves."

The question of bringing the citizens of Nara and the Regiment together posed many problems for the officers of the command. How could you place a town off limits when the Marines had to go right to the heart of the downtown section to catch a train out of town. The men felt the added expense of trainfare threw an additional drain on their already deflated wallets—not to mention the physical discomfort of riding the crowded interurban trains. According to the regimental disbursing office more than 35 percent of the command were "riding a dead horse," paying off advance money drawn before leaving Camp Pendleton. It would be January before these Marines would draw a liberty-sized amount of money.

But the Marines had allies in the town of Nara; the owners of the souvenir shops and other merchants who had counted heavily on the American serviceman's spendthrift ways. With their eyes on the little known quantity of yen carried by Marines, they didn't like to see it going to the shop keepers of Osaka and Kyoto. They fought the Reds and their propaganda, put the pressure on the town council and started a pro-Marine movement in town. The business groups with a backlog of goods spilling off their counters, restaurants which had previously been given a clean bill of health by the Army, and the town's few nightclubs combined their influence in a drive which bewildered Communist groups.

It took only a few days of constant pressure to make the town council see the light; they requested a meeting with the top officers of the Regiment. Before long the Marines were gradually being brought into contact with the inhabitants of the city. Five percent of the command were given liberty until 1700 each day. Eating and drinking establishments were still off limits, with the exception of the Nara Hotel. This beautiful and modern hotel was a little too sedate for the men of the Fourth, but it provided a spot to enjoy a change of food. For a few hundred yen it was possible to get a Stateside meal with all the courses. Later, the liberty quota was increased to ten percent and all men carried a special pass to be shown to inquiring MPs of both the Army and Marine Corps.

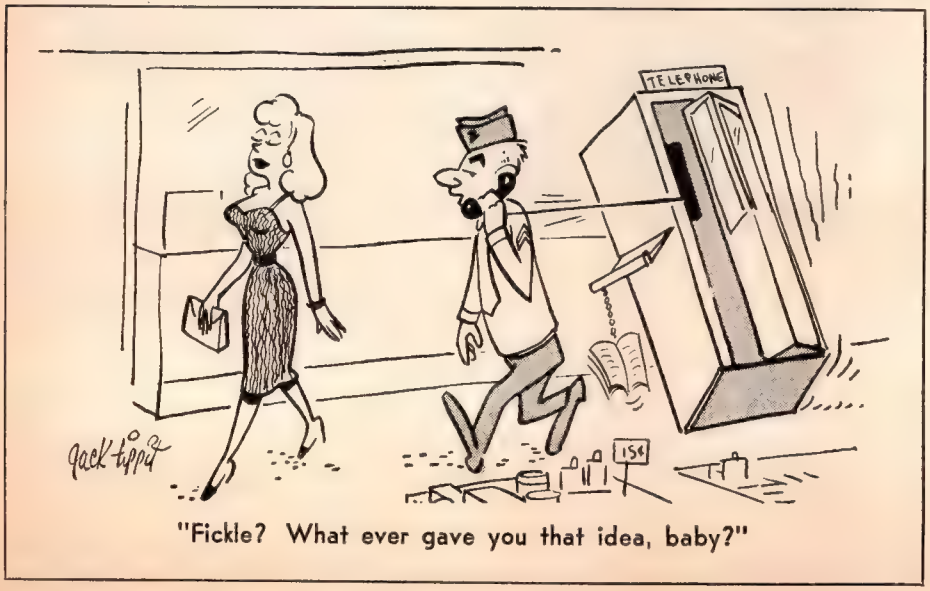
Despite the restrictions, camera carrying Marines had a field day. They swarmed into Nara Park, took snapshots of themselves feeding the sacred deer and used some of the greatest shrines of Buddhism as backgrounds for scrapbook pictures. By ricksha, taxi and quicktime, they were soon seeing the streets of Nara. It wasn't long before the Marines began picking up a smattering of the native language. Corps versions of "Ohio, go-sigh-amas" greeted the citizens—this was as close as they could come to saying "good morning" in Japanese.

As the townspeople became accustomed to seeing Marines acting like any normal tourists, they dropped their hostile attitude and adopted a more friendly one. The town council held more meetings with the senior officers and in a very short time access to the city widened for the Marines. Restaurants were inspected by medical personnel; if they were found clean, they were placed on limits. Sukiyaki (pronounced skee yak' ee) became a favorite dish with the Marines.

The souvenir trade boomed. Marines started dropping into the shops, buying silks for the wife or girl friend or tiny pajamas for their children, nieces or nephews. Even the proprietors of the local pachinko palaces—Japanese version of American pinball—welcomed the Marines. One hundred yen, equivalent to about 26 cents, could buy 20 steel balls to play the machines for prizes of Japanese cigarettes, fruit juices and candy.

Now, six months later, the streets of Nara no longer seem tiny and dirty to the Marines. Nor do the smells of the fish stores and small restaurants cause liberty-bound Marines to grimace and wish for a reissue of the wartime gas mask. The townspeople of Nara now smile and wave to the Marines of the Fourth; they have found that the 4000 bogiemen unloaded in their city last August are United States Marines and just like any other friendly group of Americans carrying a hole-burning buck in their pockets.

In Nara, the Fourth Marines can chalk up another defeat for the Commies. **END**



"Fickle? What ever gave you that idea, baby?"

Staff NCO Transfers

Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders.

MASTER SERGEANTS

ALLEN, Charles J. (1819) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD SDiego

AMOUROUX, Rudolph J. (6717) MARTD MARTC NAS Olathe Kans to 3dMAW Miami

ANDREWS, Frederick H. (0849) TTU PhibTraPac NavPhibBase SDiego to MCRD SDiego

BAIN, Warren S. (7119) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

BAKER, Graydon P. (6819/7326) 3dMAW Miami to MB NAS Lakehurst

BAKER, Russell H. (0149) FMFPac to MarPac

BARRETT, David W. Jr. (0149) MCAS Miami to I&I 72ndSplInfCo USMCR Lima O

BASH, Lester D. (0149) MarPac to Quant

BELL, George E. (6419 1st MAW to MCAS El Toro

BENNETT, Eugene E. (0169) MarPac to Pen FFT

BENNETT, Harry C., (0149) I&I 5thRifCo USMCR Savannah to MB NAD Ft Mifflin Phila

BERNAU, Frank J. (6419) MCAB Cher Pt to MCAS El Toro

BLACKWELL, Robert D. (3349) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCAB CherPt

BLAKE, Willis L. (3019) MarPac to I&I RifCo USMCR El Paso

BLASINGAME, James T. (0149) HQMC to MD NS Navy #117 c/o FPO NY

BOBBITT, James E. (3169) MarPac to Pen FFT

BOND, Robert E. (2629) Lej to MCRD SDiego

BOOKER, Dewey P. Jr. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAB CherPt

BOWMAN, Howard W. (3069) 2nd MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro

BRANDT, Richard D. (0319) MarPac to MCAS El Toro

CAPPAR, Frank W. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

CASPAR, Glenn L. (0149) Lej to I&I 3dSigCo USMCR Rochester NY

CASH, Doyle A. (0339) HQMC (StateDept-Spain) to 2dMarDiv Lej

CAUDLE, James B. (6419) 6th MCRRD Atlanta to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

CHEEK, John M. (0149) 5th MCRRD Arlington Va to Lej

CONWAY, Lawrence M. (3014) 19thRifCo USMCR El Paso to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

COUCH, Harold T. (6619) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

DELANEY, William B. (0339) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

DOMOKOS, Robert L. (0319) MB,NB, Phila to MCDS Phila

ECKSTEIN, Charles L. (0319) FMFPacTrps Pen to TTU PhibTraComPacFlt NavPhibBase SDiego

EDSELL, Densalow D. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro

ESTERGALL, Albert J. (0319) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

FAIR, Joseph E. (0149) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lej

FITZSIMMONS, John E. (6449) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

FORSYTH, Frank R. (4312) 8th MCRRD NOrleans to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

FOSTER, Thomas L. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to Overseas

FOX, Robert T. (0149) FMFPac to Mar Pac

FRIEDMAN, Milton (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to SecurityFor POA

GEIGER, Charles C. (0149) ForTrps FMFLant Lej to MarPac

GILILLAND, Griffith (0149) I&I 10thSpl InfCo USMCR Shreveport La to 5th MCRRD Arlington, Va.

GREEN, Altus L. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

GUICE, Harvey E. (3219) MarPac to Quant

HARTMAN, George L. (5839) 9th MCRRD Chicago to Lej

HINITZ, Israel H. (0849) MB Navy #116 c/o FPO NY to MB NS Treasure Island FFT

HOLLAND, Wilford C. (3519) HQMC to Lej

HOLLIS, Bettye R. (0119) El Toro to MarPac

HUEHNER, Robert P. (6419) Air FMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

HUGGINS, John D. (6419) MCAB CherPt to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT

ISHLER, Bobby G. (0319) FMFPacTrps Pen to TTU PhibTraComPacFlt NavPhibBase, S.D.

KNIGHT, Clyde (6711) 3dMAW Miami to MARTD MARTC NAS Olathe Kans.

KUCHERA, Carl J. (6419) Quant to 3d MAW Miami

LASIW, John (3379) 2dMAW CherPt to MB NGF WashDC

LEWIS, Billy J. (6619) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

LIPKE, Henry C. (0149) Quant to I&I 89thSplInfCo, USMCR Columbia SC

LOCKWOOD, William C. (0149) HQMC to SecurityFor POA

MAC PHAIL, Kenneth E. (0319) MB NB Newport RI to 2dMarDiv Lej

MARLINK, Marvin (0339) HQMC to 2d MarDiv Lej

MARTIN, Herman O. (4139) FMFPac to MB NAS Pensacola

MATTOS, Carl (0149) I&I 1st 105 HowBn USMCR Richmond to SecurityFor POA

MC CLAY, Joseph L. (0119) MB NB Phila to MCRD PI

MC INNIS, Leo E. (0319) HQMC to Pen FFT

MELANCON, Andre (0149) FMFLant NB Norfolk to MD USS WORCESTER

METZGER, Butler Jr. (0149) I&I 72nd SplInfCo USMCR Lima O to MCRD PI

MIHALAK, Stephen J. (0319) Quant to 2d MarDiv Lej

MILLER, Frederick (4611) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

MILLER, Leroy C. (2149) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

MILLER, Virgil F. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT

MITCHELL, Edgar F. (3519) MCFwdDep Ptsmh Va to 3dMAW Miami

MORRIS, Vernon I. (0149) MD USS WORCESTER to MB NSD Scotia NY

MOUNT, Alfred W. (0319) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

NEAL, Howard V. (7119) 2dMAW CherPt to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT

NORTH, Calvin H. (4139) MB NAS Pensacola to MarPac

O'CONNOR, Patrick R. (3019) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

OWEN, Bernard B. (4139) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro

PARKER, Herbert B. (0849) MB Navy #116 c/o FPO NY to 2dMarDiv Lej

PARSONS, Bill A. (0149) FMFPacTrps Pen to TrpTrngTeam PhibFor FE Navy #3923 c/o FPO SFran

PATTERSON, Howard W. (3014) MarPac to SecurityFor POA

PEPE, Matteo L. (6619) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NAS Pax Riv

PIDGEON, Harlan (6449) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

RAY, Emery A. (0339) HQMC (StateDept-Lebanon) to MarPac

RIDDLE, Harold A. (0339) TTU PhibTraLant NavPhibBase LCreek Va to 2dMarDiv Lej

RODGERS, Henry D. (4941) FMFPacTrps Pen to TrpTrngTeam PhibFor FE, Navy #3923 c/o FPO SFran

ROKSAY, David B. (3419) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej

RUSSELL, Edward F. (6519) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to MB NATECHTRACEN Jacksonville Fla

SANDIFER, James H. (0149) I&I 4thRifCo USMCR Rome Ga. to HQMC

SCHIMMEL, Lester L. (3019) 41stSplInfCo USMCR Durham NC to MCRD PI

SCHEIBNER, Wilbur R. (0319) TTU PhibTraComPacFlt NavPhibBase SDiego to MCRD SD

SEWELL, Frank W. (0149) MCRD PI to I&I 10thSplInfCo USMCR Shreveport La

SHIVER, Horace F. (3539) 2dMAW CherPt to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej

STILLINGS, Max L. (0149) Quant to MCRD PI PersAdminCrse

STICH, Joseph A. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NB Brooklyn

STRAUB, Donald E. (3019) MarPac to Security For POA

STUTZMAN, George (4119) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

SULLIVAN, Thomas P. (6719) MARTD MARTC NAS Squantum Mas to 2d MAW Cher Pt

SWINSON, Adolph (3379) HQMC to MCRD PI

TRAXLER, Leslie L. (0149) Mar Pac to I&I 23rd SplInfCo USMCR Tacoma Wash

TROWBRIDGE, John E. (3419) AirFMFPac El Toro to Lej

VALENTINE, Euclid W. (3014) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lej

VOGT, Leon L. (6419) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to 3dMAW Miami

WAMPLER, Charles S. Jr. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to I&I 1st 105HowBn USMCR Richmond

WARD, Leon L. (4139) MarPac to Pen FFT

WHITAKER, Harold W. (6819) MCAS Miami to MB NAS Lakehurst

WHITE, Don D. (0339) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

WILDFANG, Henry (7041) Air FMFPac El Toro to Overseas

ZACCARELLI, Patrick N. (0149) 2d MAW CherPt to I&I 1st AWBtry USMCR Akron

TURN PAGE

TRANSFERS (cont.)

TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

AIKEN, Francis W. (1539) HQMC (State Dept-Cairo, Egypt) to 2dMarDiv Lej

AKROYD, Harry F. (0336) MTG-20 Air FMFLant CherPt to MCRD PI

ALFORD, James B. (6419) MARTD MARTC Atlanta to Air FMF Pac El Toro FFT

ANDERSEN, Charles M. (0346) MB NTC GLakes to 2dMarDiv Lej

ANDERSON, Frank R. (5849) MCAS Miami to 2dMarDiv Lej

BARTHOLOMEW, George C. (1369) 1stMarDiv to FMFPacTrps Pen

BELL, John A. (3539) MarPac to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT

BELL, Harry G. (6519) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

BODUCH, Walter (0316) MB NB Key West to 2dMarDiv Lej

BOROWSKI, Anthony (3014) MB NB Navy #115 c/o FPO NY to 2dMarDiv Lej

BOULUND, Billy J. (0149) MCRD PI to Air FMFLant NB Norfolk

BOWEN, Vernon I. (2539) MB Navy #116 c/o FPO NY to MCRD SD

BROOKS, Lee Roy (3014) MarPac to Security-For POA

BUSHA, William G. (5211) MCAS Miami to Pen FFT

BYERS, Boulton T. (5239) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT

CISAR, Joseph P. (2639) MB NB Phila to 4th MCRRD Phila

CLARK, Leonard P. (3319) 3dMAW Miami to 2dMarDiv Lej

CLARK, Rodney P. (6439) Air FMFPac El Toro to overseas

CLICK, Robert A. (3014) 3dSupCo USMCR Tucson to MarPac

CONNELLY, Hugh J. (6419) Quant to AirFMF-Pac El Toro FFT

CONOVER, Paul J. (2539) MarSigDet USS POCONO to Pen FFT

COOK, Leonard G. (6711) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

CORNISH, Roy J. (3419) MB NB Brooklyn to Lej

CURTIS, Paul C. (4312) 4th MCRRD Phila to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT

DAHL, Raymond (3014) Lej to MB Navy #116 c/o FPO NY

DAILY, Roger J. (6619) MCAS Miami to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

DANGERFIELD, Edward W. (6419) MAD NA-TECHTRACEN Jacksonville Fla to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

DAY, Oren J. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to Security For POA

DEREWLANKA, Stanley J. (0319) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

DETERS, John H. (6619) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

DICKSON, Charles R. (6619) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

DILLINGHAM, Jerome (0439) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NS Treasure Is FFT

DOBOS, Gabor, R. (6419) 1stMAW to MCAS Quant

DUNNAM, William F. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

EMBERTON, Bruce W. (2719) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCRD SD

FLYNN, Eugene F. (0147) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to Pen FFT

FOUTZ, Allen W. (6439) 1st MAW to 2dMAW CherPt

FREEMAN, James G. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NAS Lakehurst

FRIAS, Manuel (3279) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Quant

GIBSON, Kenneth N. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

GIETZEN, Charles H. (0316) MarPac to MCAS Navy #990 c/o FPO SFran

GILES, James A. (0149) AirFMFLant NB Nor-folk to MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt

GRAUSTEIN, Charles (3014) MB NavActy Navy #214 c/o FPO NY to 2dMarDiv Lej

GRAY, Charles W. (3379) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro

GRAY, Robert L. (0369) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

GREENE, Albert S. (7041) 1stMAW to Air-FMFPac El Toro

HALE, Robert R. (1347) MCFwdDep Ptsmh Va to I&I 5th InfBn USMCR Detroit

HARRINGTON, Elxie (3379) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

HARRIS, Emmet J. (0316) HQMC to 2dMarDiv Lej

HARTSELL, Ralph M. Jr. (0149) MCRD PI to MARTD MARTC Grosse Ile Mich

HAYES, Price (6419) MARTD MARTC Niagara Falls NY to AirFMFPac FFT

HISER, Earl J. (5239) Quant to MARTD MARTC NAS Olathe Kans

HUDDLESTON, Robert E. (4136) ForTrpsFMF-Lant Lej to Pen FFT

HUGHES, John H. (0335) MB NB Ptsmh Va to 2dMarDiv Lej

HUNT, Walter D. (6439) MARTD MARTC St Louis to Air FMF Pac El Toro FFT

INGRAM, Walter E. (3014) MB Navy #116 c/o FPO NY to Lej

JACKSON, Lewis L. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Tripoli) to MB NAS Quonset Pt, R.I.

JASTER, Harold F. (6519) 2dMAW CherPt to MARTD MARTC Denver

JENKINS, Benjamin M. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

JOHNSON, Leoneil B. (3014) 1st FldMaintCo USMCR Baltimore to Pen FFT

JORDAN, Peter R. (0147) MCAB CherPt to MB NAD Earle NJ

JORDAN, William F. (6711) MCAS El Toro to MARTD MARTC NAS Olathe Kans

KELLEY, Phillip S. Jr. (6619) MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

KNIGHT, Richard M. (6419) MAD NATECH-TRACEN Jacksonville Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

KNOX, Vernon V. (2569) 1stMAW to FMFLant NB Norfolk

LANE, Kieth W. (4969) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

LA RUE, Arthur E. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

LEWANDOWSKI, Anthony M. (0147) FMFPac to 9th MCRRD Chicago

LOCKEN, Leslie K. (4611) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATECHERACEN NAS Pensacola

LUCAS, Eugene J. (6700) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to MCAS Quant

LUJAN, John E. (6449) 2dMAW CherPt to Air-FMFPac El Toro

LYTHCOTT, Evan G. (4139) FMFPacTrps Pen to MarPac

MARION, William C. Jr. (3014) 2dMarDiv Lej to MD NavActy Navy #100 c/o FPO NY

MARTIN, John H. (0319) MB NAD Hingham Mass to 2dMarDiv Lej

MC ANDREW, Woodrow E. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej

MC CONVILLE, Floyd G. (4136) MarPac to HQMC

MEYER, Robert J. (0319) HQMC (StateDept-England) to Quant

MIZELL, Tip H. Jr. (6741) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

MORGAN, Richard F. (0339) MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv Lej

NADEAU, Reno C. (5849) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

NELSON, John C. (0319) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

NICHOLSON, Nick K. (0700) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif.

NITTISKIE, Anthony (0336) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej

NORDSTROM, Roy E. Jr. (4611) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATECHTRACEN NAS Pensacola

PAGE, Calvin H. (6761) AirFMFPac El Toro to 2dMAW CherPt

PARRISH, Kenneth R. (6419) HQMC (State-Dept-New Delhi, India) to MCAB CherPt

PETROS, David B. (3139) FMFPac to HQMC

PETROWSKI, Walter J. (3319) HQMC to 3d-MAW Miami

PFLEEGER, Gordon H. (0147) MCRD PI to Pen FFT

PHILLIPS, Robert E. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

RIPKA, Donald L. (1129) HQMC to MCFwdDep Ptsmh Va

RHINDRESS, Chadeane A. (0179) MCRD PI to Quant

ROBINSON, Richard E. (1814) HQMC to Mar-Pac

SARNER, Robert M. (6419) HQMC (StateDept-Rio de Janeiro, Brazil) to MARTD MARTC Miami

SCHNELL, Bertine A. (2719) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCRD SD

SHADLEY, William C. (0319) MB NMD York-town Va to MB NTC GLakes

SHAMPEL, Ralph M. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SHERWOOD, Leslie D. (6449) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis

SCHULER, Garrison O. (5839) 2dMAW CherPt to MB NB Navy #115 c/o FPO NY

SIMMONS, Frederick E. (6419) MARTD MARTC NAS Brooklyn to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SMITH, William T. (6819) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

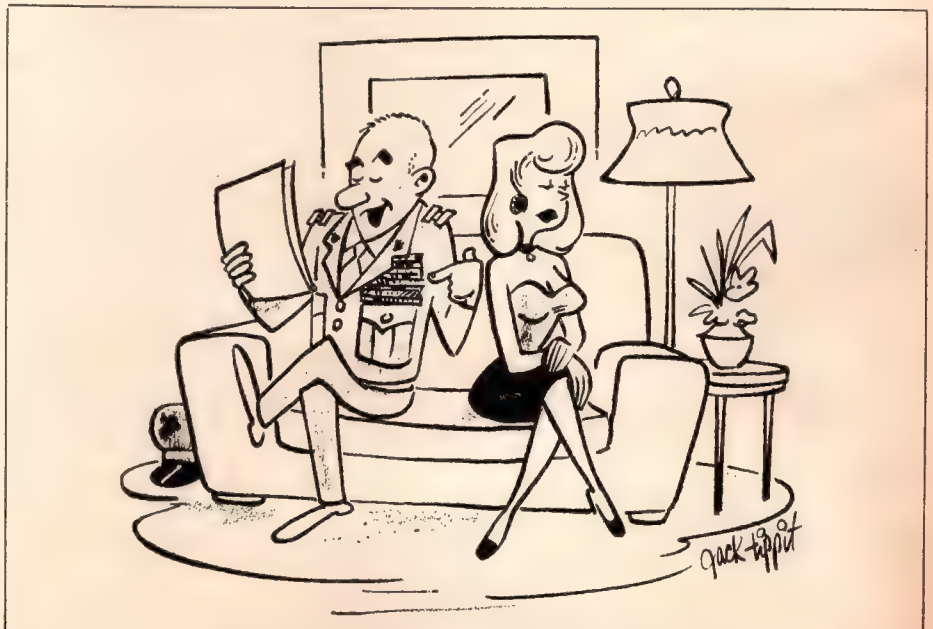
STONE, Robert D. (6731) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro

STOVER, Robert H. (3319 3dMAW Miami to HQMC

STRICKLEY, Benjamin J. (6519) 2dMAW CherPt to MARTD MARTC St. Louis

STROECKER, Carl F. (3539) FMFPacTrps Pen to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)



". . . and this one was for gallantry in action at . . . Nope, that's the wrong column . . . it was for meritorious service at . . ."

REQUISITION

[*continued from page 27*]

out article and survey it for a new item. Like these thermos boots you just drew."

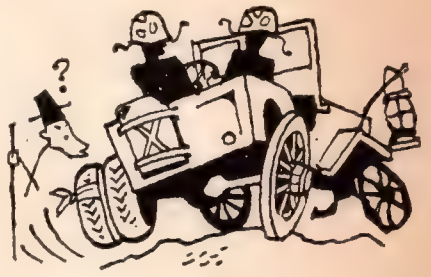
"With all this dough being spent, somebody sure has to be on the ball to keep it straight, don't they?" I asked. "I have a hard enough time budgeting my dough over a little five day R&R in Japan, let alone keeping it straight for thousands of people over a whole year."

"Yes, they have to be on the ball. Audit and Inventory teams check each accountable officer throughout the Marine Corps and each procurement office is visited by people from the General Accounting Office of the Federal Government at least once a year. Books are checked and everything has to be right up to snuff all the time.

"I told you that individual clothing worked differently. The remaining supply items are based on the big Table of Allowances. This T/A is correlated with the Table of Organization for all FMF units. From this T/A a supply man in the field can see just what his outfit rates in a certain item and base his requisition on that. Posts and stations use a Material Allowance List for their basis of requisition which is about the same as a T/A except that a lot of the articles peculiar to a FMF outfit are omitted."

"I like this survey business we have over here a lot better than when we have to buy things back in the States," Alloway said, dragging our minds back to something the Gunner had told us before. "I'd sure hate to have to buy a new pair of these boots or a rifle or something like that."

"Individual clothing is the only gear the people in the States buy," the Gunner reminded us. "But in the long run you are paying for things you use. Don't forget you are paying taxes too and part of your tax dollar is going for the gear you use. More important than that, you might make some other Marine go 'hungry' because you didn't take care of the gear given to you. You might get a replacement for a damaged article, yes, but something every Marine should remember is that there is just a certain amount of money allotted to run the Corps. You might get that damaged article replaced, but it could happen that some other Marine might



go 'hungry' for lack of that article that you were careless with."

Spotting an opportunity, I said, "Alloway, we'd better be hitting the road. The Gunny will flip if we take too long, and we have no way of knowing how long it will take us to get back."

"You're right, Sarge. Gunner, we want to thank you for checking us out on supply and I wish we had more time but we have to get back. Hog-head, why don't you get a day free and stop up to see how the fighting men live?"

"I'll do it, Jimmy, just as soon as I get my feet on the ground around here."

"Where are you lads going?" the Gunner asked.

We told him.

"I have to hit a water point up that way to see about some gear," he said. "If you'll hop in that jeep parked outside, I'll run you back to your outfit."

Later when we were again back at the company Jimmy said, "That Gunner sure was a nice guy, wasn't he?"

"Sure was. Wish we'd had more time to talk to him. I like to find out all these things from some guy who doesn't try to snow you all the time about how much he knows."

"You better believe. One thing he said really soaked in. From now on, you can call me 'tight-fisted' Alloway."

"You always were tight-fisted when it came to money," I remarked dryly.

"Yeah, well now I'm going to be tight-fisted about my gear too. The stuff just costs too much dough for people to be throwing it around. Just wait 'til I see that wise Pfc in the battalion office throw away a piece of stationery for no reason. I'll really crawl him."

"Let's watch it, boy. But I'm kinda in agreement with you on this wasting business. It just ain't worth while to have a buddy do without because you're careless." **END**

"This it Mac?"

Marilyn Monroe

AMBUSH

[*continued from page 41*]

any confusion when you strike. If you carry the maneuver that far, you should be able to get back."

"Sounds easy, Skipper," Sweeney said without feeling.

Before evolving the final plans for the night foray, Drum and the lieutenant pored over a batch of aerial photographs taken that morning. The piece of enemy real estate to be hit sat at the far end of a platter-shaped depression, open on the near end like a gravy boat. A blocking hill, about midway up the valley, would let the patrol approach that far in a column.

From there, two fire teams would form as skirmishers for the attack, with Sweeney, Drum and Price going in to haul out the prisoner or prisoners. The remaining fire team would be held back, ready to throw up a rear guard action once the withdrawal began. Then the rear point and the attacking unit would leap frog toward the Marine lines until safe from pursuit.

Even that sounded easy.

It was dark by the time the group halted on the reverse slope of a swayback hill. The last outpost before No Man's Land was dug in on the opposite side of the saddle; the patrol would exit there.

"Awful lot of moonlight, Lieutenant," Drum said in a low voice. "Might be wise to keep all bayonets covered tonight."

"Right. Pass the word," Sweeney said.

Single file, 17 men paused at the dugout while the company commander identified each one silently and dispatched him with a nod and a tap on the shoulder. Prayers—and Marine battle-skill—were being counted on to bring 17 men back. Across the low, barbed wire apron, the fire teams fell in column formation. Drum, Price, Sweeney and Wiley, the radio operator, followed the first team in that order. The corpsman was between the second and third fire teams.

Both checkpoints were reached and passed on schedule. The ground drifted upward as they neared the valley. While the moon threw a bright light on the landscape, it also caused black bands of shadow on some of the hills. The patrol clung to the blackness whenever possible.

They approached the mouth of the canyon. The Kid was point in the lead team. Suddenly, his right hand shot into the air and stayed there. Halt! Drum continued forward until he was at The Kid's side. There were no words; Drum's gaze followed the direction of the other's rifle.

It was unmistakable. Outlined against the bright night sky was the ugly end of a machine gun. The Kid had really improved since Drum had chewed him out but good. Behind the machine gun would be someone waiting for the patrol to cross the valley floor before cutting loose. An ambush. Duck-walking, Drum slipped back.

In whispers, he explained the situation to Lieutenant Sweeney, then added, "Had an old timer tell me once that if something ever developed and you found yourself in a tight situation, do something—quick. Right or wrong, do something. The percentages will be with you. How about we hit the dry gulchers instead of our assigned target?"

"I've heard the same theory, Drum. This looks like one of those times. We'll change the objective but keep the same tactics." The patrol leader motioned the point to withdraw. The squad pulled back a short distance to reform.

"Drum, I don't feel so good." It was Carpenter, the assistant BARman from the first fire team who had worn the measles pattern camouflage earlier in the evening.

There was nothing to denote acute fear in Carpenter's eyes. "You'll be okay," Drum said in a quiet voice. "Everybody gets butterflies about this time. There's the signal. Move out."

It was slow going up the mountainside. Every breath echoed like a thunder clap. Once, Drum dislodged a rock but scooped it up in his hand and set it down without causing a tell-tale noise that would have tipped the attack. When the ridge was gained, two fire teams formed as skirmishers while the other took a covering position. The last few yards were traveled in a prone position. Drum lifted his head.

About 20 yards away, six, no, seven enemy soldiers were giving the empty valley their full attention. Sweeney looked at Drum, and then to his left and right. Everyone in position. His arm went up, hung in the air a brief second, then came down and forward.

Time ceased ticking as the Marines charged. Silence dissolved into a nightmare of noise. The more noise the better now. Eyes wide, features distorted, the enemy turned in horror. Drum was in the trench before a shot went off. The butt of his weapon smashed solidly into the face of a man trying to swing his rifle to bear on the Marines. Another soldier buckled as a burst from a BAR plowed into him.

Price slashed the muzzle of his M1 across the knuckles of one man. The enemy dropped his weapon in pain. Sweeney yanked him by his jacket, hauled him from the trench and passed him back to Drum. Drum collared the bewildered enemy and ran him off the hill. The two of them slid and tumbled down the incline and landed upright at the bottom, with Drum still gripping the enemy by the stacking swivel.

Trout, one of the fire team leaders, came over the crest with his rifle thrust into the midsection of a second prisoner. The withdrawal began. As a parting gesture, someone tossed a grenade into the nest. The patrol headed for the checkpoint.

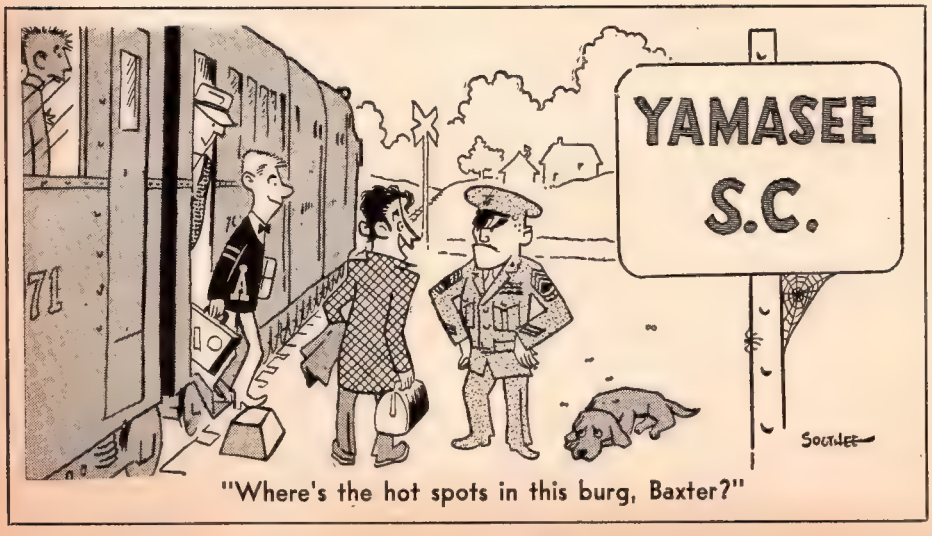
While Lieutenant Sweeney detained the troops long enough to call home from the first checkpoint, Drum counted noses. Seventeen present. They hadn't left anyone behind. He found the corpsman.

"Any casualties, Doc?"

"Yeah, in a way there was one," Doc grinned. "Carpenter . . ."

"Carpenter?" Drum asked. "He was covering, not attacking. What happened to him?"

The corpsman's grin widened. "He's got the measles." **END**



"Where's the hot spots in this burg, Baxter?"

TWENTYNINE PALMS

[*continued from page 19*]

up to the administration building, and presented a somewhat startled Duty NCO with his orders. Boyd has been permitted to park his plane at the field, and it is now a commonplace sight to see him spin the prop and take off for a weekend liberty.

Senior artillery unit on the base is the 1st AAA Battalion which moved to the desert site from its home at Camp Pendleton in August, 1953. An 800-man contingent from Camp Lejeune arrived next, traveling by LST through the Panama Canal to San Diego, finishing the last leg by truck. Additional units of Force Artillery have since moved to Twentynine Palms and set up their guns and equipment at the new camp. Headquarters of the Training Center has swelled to 237 officers and men under the command of Colonel Francis H. Brink, and although still located at the air strip, it will soon move to the new camp. More than 2000 artillery troops are now located at the Artillery Center, to form a more than adequate nucleus for all phases of artillery training.

Weapons at the Center run the gamut from the conventional 155s, 90s, and 40s, to the newest in self-propelled weapons. One of the weapons undergoing experimental tests at Twentynine Palms is the M-42 tank. The M-42 has a 6000-yard range, carries a small arsenal of auxiliary weapons, and can move around at about 45 mph. Eight-inch howitzers will round out the major weapon list for the base.

Everyday life at Twentynine Palms is rapidly approaching that of any Marine post, but it's still a long way from conventional. All supplies, food and equipment must be trucked in, since the nearest railroad spur ends at Palm Springs, 60 miles distant. Military items and dry food stores are requisitioned from Camp Pendleton; meats, fresh food stores and vegetables are obtained and trucked in from the Naval Supply Center at Los Angeles. Milk and bread are purchased by local contract, but plans are now afoot for a Marine Corps bakery on the base.

Recreational and off-duty facilities for the boom-boom boys are far below par. At this writing, the newly-opened post exchange in the new camp stocks mainly standard items, and newspaper and magazine racks have not yet made an appearance. Television reception is impossible because of the surrounding mountain ranges, and radio reception is erratic. Mail is slow, coming from Los Angeles to Palm Springs by rail, then toted to the city of Twentynine Palms by Uncle Sam's mail service, where it is picked up by the Marine postal units. Until the post office is opened in the new camp, Staff Sergeant James E. Elliott rolls a mobile post office with facilities for parcel post, money orders and stamp sales into the Force Troops area daily.

"Pffft—water!"

Base recreational facilities are slowly beginning to take shape. Until the huge movie house is completed, movies are shown nightly at a makeshift setup in the new area, and at the air strip, in a small rec room which also houses two pool tables and pingpong gear. Volley ball, soft ball and horse-shoes provide off-duty daytime relaxation, and newly-opened enlisted and staff clubs help while away the evening hours.

Married personnel do well at the new Center. A small commissary has been opened in the old area, and after the headquarters troops move to the new camp, it will be moved to new quarters and expanded. Housing—both on and off station—has taken care of the needs to date, and for future use, a 294-house Wherry unit is planned for erection aboard the station. At present, 34 Naval housing units are available in the town of Twentynine Palms, and 100 relocatable houses and 250 trailers are just inside the gate. Housing costs range from $33.20 for a small unit in town, to $75.00 for a three-bedroom house on the base.

Liberty for the Training Center Marines is a sore spot and a problem. Liberty buses make the six-mile run to Twentynine Palms, where the pleasure-seekers can divide their time between the six bars, two movies, one drug store and skating rink which comprise the local night life. The more ambitious can journey up the road to Yucca Valley, Morengo Valley, Indio, and Joshua Tree—all boasting healthful climates, the usual village structures, and little else. Weekends and special passes are the starting signal for a mass move to the larger cities of Palm Springs, Riverside and Los Angeles where the city noises and lack of sand and burning sun prove a special treat for the happy, off-duty sections.

The future outlook for the Twentynine Palms Training Center is excellent. The passage of time will bring a completion of station facilities, planting of vegetation and a well-rounded program of recreational activity. And with the passage of time, the Training Center will emerge as the Marine Corps' finest installation and artillery showplace of the nation. Until then, the sometimes bored, unhappy station personnel can enjoy one comforting thought. Local Chambers of Commerce, health groups and sun worshippers all claim with pride that the warm, dry desert climate is most conducive to a long, happy life. People who journeyed to the desert 20 years ago to die from lung or respiratory diseases have long since recovered and are leading normal lives.

The Twentynine Palms Marines are sure of one thing; come what may—boredom, sand and sun—they are probably the healthiest group of Marines in the world. **END**

ENTERPRISE

[*continued from page 47*]

turned and glared at Thomas. "If we have any further need for witless comments around here, I'll ask you for them. In the meantime I'll do all the talking. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir." Thomas subsided meekly.

But the Major had found his outlet.

"We have done a grave injustice to Private Gilhooley, Top. I want you to see that he is removed from the head detail." The Major started to walk out. He turned suddenly. "You may replace Gilhooley with Private Thomas."

"Yes, sir." The Top trailed out after the Major.

"That does it! I save your neck by hiding that bottle of touba under my bunk, and what do I get for helping you? The head! There ain't no justice in this world!" Tommy strode angrily around the tent.

Gilhooley looked at him in amazement. "What bottle of what?"

"My bottle of touba." It was Reed, sticking his head into the tent. "Brother! Was that close! I never thought they'd be shaking down your tent."

"Do you mean to say," Gilhooley blanched at the thought, "that you had put a bottle of booze under my pillow?" Gilhooley staggered weakly over to the sack and crumbled in a heap. "What were you trying to do, put me in the bastille for life?" Thomas was making frantic wigwag motions with his hands.

"You're a fine one to talk! I looked under my pillow and what do I find? Lottery tickets! They don't carry any two week vacation in Honolulu with 'em brother!" Thomas was flailing the air in desperation.

Reed looked at Thomas in irritation. "What's the matter with you, kid, got ants in your pants?" He kept speaking to Gilhooley.

"Anyhow, we got one consolation. Let's make this a partnership, Gilhooley. I'll split my touba proceeds with you, if you'll let me in on the lottery. We'll get a lot better coverage that way—two outlets instead of one. How much do you have? Here's mine." He tossed his money down on the sack beside Gilhooley, and Gilhooley drew his dough from the wallet and tossed it on Reed's pile. Thomas sat quietly down on his sack. He had tried; the outcome wouldn't be on his head.

Reed and Gilhooley bent their heads over the money. They bobbed up triumphantly. "Eighty-four bucks!"

"Just the amount we need to complete our bankroll for the Company party! We have sixteen dollars now, and we need a hundred." It was Father Flaherty, standing in the doorway.

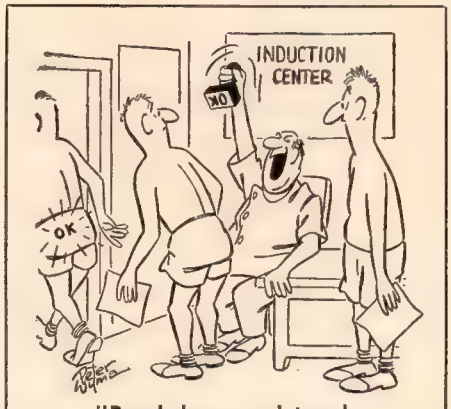
Reed looked at Gilhooley. Gilhooley looked at Thomas. Thomas nodded sadly to Gilhooley. Gilhooley looked back to Reed—but he seemed to be ill. Gilhooley smiled weakly.

"Why we'd be delighted to contribute . . . eh . . . ah . . . twenty dollars to the party fund, Father."

"That's real nice of you, Gilhooley." The Chaplain paused and shook his head sorrowfully. "What we really need, though, is eighty-four dollars!"

Gilhooley winced. He had sold thirty-four tickets at one buck per. No pay this month, and four bucks out of next month's. He sighed and looked to Reed for help. But Reed looked as if *he* needed help. Gilhooley groaned inwardly, but managed to work up a weak grin for the Chaplain.

"Got to have a party, don't we, Father?" He chuckled rather hoarsely. "Can't let the boys down, can we?



"Bend down and touch the toes!"

Them who has got, should give." The grin was slowly fading from Gilhooley's face. "You just take this eighty-four bucks, Father—our gift!"

Father Flaherty extended his hand for the moola. "Why thank you, men, I'm overwhelmed at your liberality." He thumbed through the money complacently. "Eighty-four. That's right. Would you like a receipt?"

"Oh, no, no. Don't bother, Father."

The Chaplain turned to leave, but then had a sudden thought. "Oh, by the way, I almost forgot what I came over for in the first place. You know the foundation for our chapel isn't coming along as fast as I'd like."

"That coral's pretty rugged digging, Father. Slow work!" Gilhooley shook his head, and rubbed the callouses on his hands at the memory.

"Yes, that's the difficulty. I was wondering if I could enlist you boys for a little extra work on it. Maybe one night a week for a couple of hours."

Gilhooley looked a bit desperate. "Well . . . Father . . ."

Flaherty continued brightly. "But now that you and Private Reed will have more time to yourselves at night, I'll bet you could give us a hand every night until we get it done. We should finish it in about six weeks. Do you think you can manage it OK?" Father Flaherty smiled warmly at them.

Gilhooley and Reed exchanged a look like two men on death row. Their voices were toneless. "We'd be delighted, Father."

"Wonderful! I like to know that I can count on steady help." He lifted the flap and started to exit, but again turned suddenly.

"Oh, another thing!" Gilhooley's eyes widened in anguish. "You know, Thomas, Captain of the Head isn't a bad job—if you get enough help at the right time. Gives you a chance to catch up on your reading." He looked at the two men. They nodded unhappily.

"We'd be delighted, Father."

"If you have nothing slated for Sunday," (Gilhooley grimaced in anticipation) "you might both drop around and hear a little talk I'm going to give. Oh, nothing momentous! Just a few words on 'The Quick Buck is the Stupid Buck' . . . Good night, men."

The response came glumly. "We'd be delighted, Father."

For a long moment there was silence; then suddenly Gilhooley's voice broke it, and it seemed to come from his boots.

"Reed?"

"Yeah?" Reed was still in the depths of despair.

"His nose was 64 millimeters. I'd have cleaned up—no one was even close."

"Tough." Reed was silent for a moment. "I need a drink. Hand over the bottle, Tommy."

"Oh, oh!" Tommy whistled in astonishment.

Reed looked up in despair. "Now what?"

"I guess the top wasn't on tight. It all leaked out."

Reed looked as if he wanted to cry.

"Reed?"

"Yeah, Gilhooley?"

"I'm going straight."

"Me too, Gilhooley."

"Reed?"

"Yeah?"

"Have you dug in that coral yet?" Gilhooley's voice was that of a dead soul.

"Naw."

Gilhooley sighed wearily. He tugged at his shoes and dropped his tired body prone on the sack.

"Go and get your sleep, Reed. You're going to need it." **END**

TRANSFERS

[*continued from page 70*]

SUND, Dewey L. Jr. (6717) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to 2dMAW CherPt
TAYLOR, Wardell J. Jr. (0147) MB NAD Earle NJ to Quant
TENNEY, Willard F. (0371) TTU PhibTraComPacFlt Nav PhibBase SDiego to MarPac
WAITE, Robert R. (6149) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WAITT, Maurice G. (6419) 1stMAW to MCAS Quant
WALTER, Peter L. (2119) MarPac to SecurityFor POA
WALTERS, Raymond L. (6461) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WARREN, Guy D. (7041) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
WATTS, Julius A. (3379 AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
WEAVER, Eugene L. (1839) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
WEBBER, Harry W. (0119) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
WEDDINGTON, Hershell E. (0149) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
WELLER, Roy C. (3019) MarPac to I&I 2dAutoFldMaintCo USMCR New Haven
WELLS, Elgie H. (0336) FMFPacTrps Pen to Lej
WILLIAMS, Lawrence A. (6419) 9th MCRRD Chicago to MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans
WILSON, Charles R. (0319) MB NTC GLakes to 2dMarDiv Lej
WILSON, Leo G. (5547) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
WOOD, William C. (6419) HQMC to MCAS El Toro
YOUNG, Alfred A. (3619) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ZIBILICH, Raymond F. (0147) FMFLant NB Norfolk to MB NTC GLakes

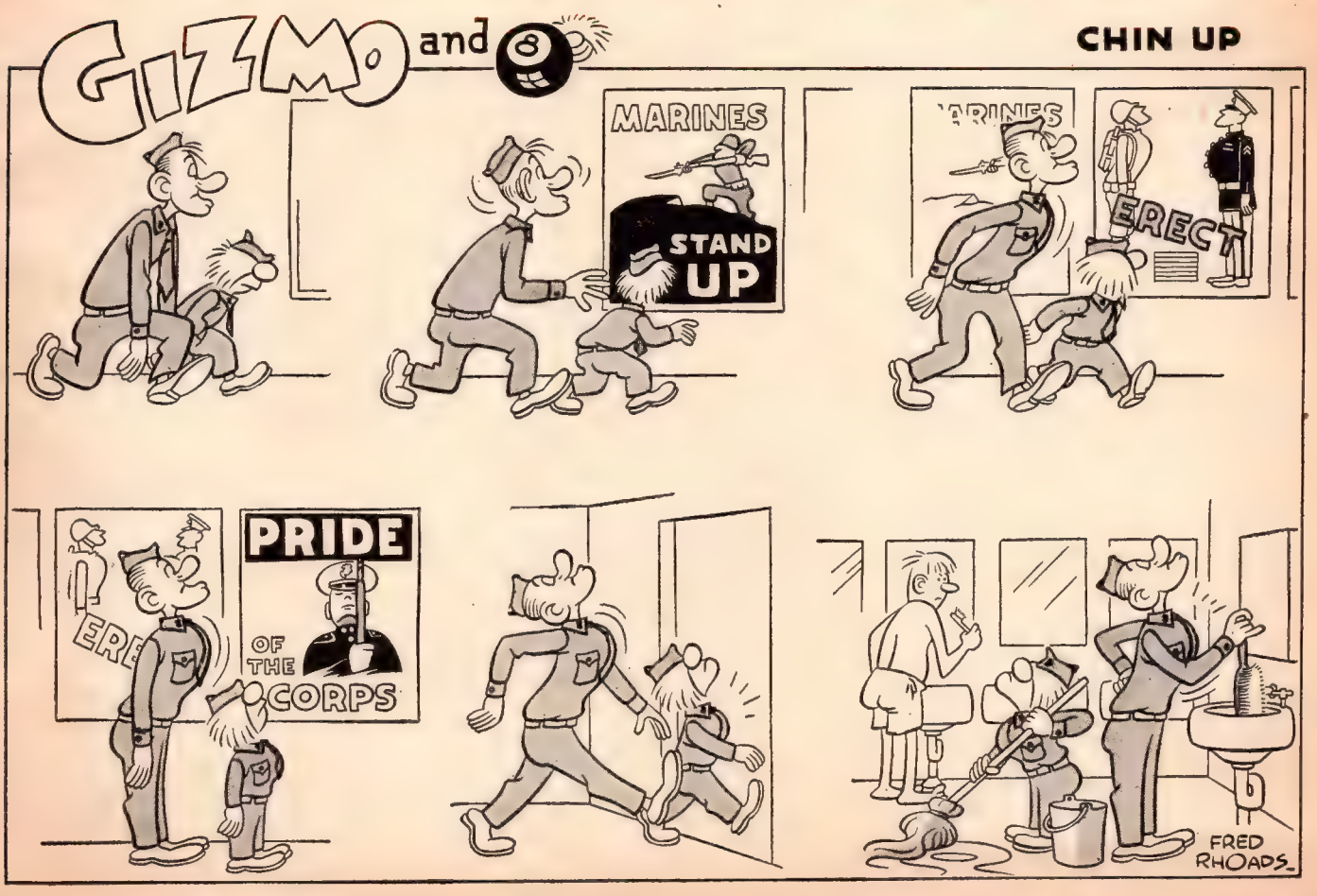
STAFF SERGEANTS

ABEE, Morris D. (0147) MCRD PI to MD NavTraCom NB Norfolk
ADKINS, Robert E. (0336) MCDS Albany Ga to 2dMarDiv Lej
ALFERES, John (1379) MarPac to SecurityFor POA
ALLEN, Jerry C. (0316) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD SD
AMMERMAN, Phillip L. (4136) Quant to Pen FFT
ANDERSON, Chester C. Jr. (0816) Quant to Pen FFT
AQUINO, Wenceslao U. (3068) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jacksonville Fla
ARVANITES, Christ N. (0316) MarPac to Pen FFT
AUCHAMPAU, Myron G. (0336) MB NB Newport RI to 2dMarDiv Lej
AUSMUS, Franklin G. (5849) 2dMAW CherPt to MCRD PI
BARATTA, James E. (6443) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BARKER, Nolan K. (4136) Lej to HQMC
BARRY, George R. (0316) MB NB Boston to 2dMarDiv Lej
BEARNES, Kendall L. (6413) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt
BECHTEL, Everett (0147) TTU PhibTraPac NavPhibBase SDiego to TrpTrngTeam PhibFor FE Navy #3923 c/o FPO SFran to MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt
BENEDICT, Richard G. (4136) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
BENTON, Thomas R. (3013) FMFPacTrps Pen to SecurityFor POA
BERTOTTI, Edward D. (1166) MarPac to SecurityFor POA
BIDDIX, Harold S. (0441) HQMC (StateDept-Paris, France) to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
BIGELOW, Jack A. (6700) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt
BONNETT, Richard F. (3534) FMFPacTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BRAY, Johnnie L. (0147) AirFMFPac El Toro to MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt
BRIGMON, Paul L. (1367) HQMC to MCRD PI
BROWN, Bobby G. (0816) Quant to Pen FFT
BROWN, Ralph L. (6819) MCAS El Toro MB NAS Lakehurst
BUNKER, Francis A. (0316) HQMC to MCRD PI
BURNS, Donald E. (6444) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
CALDWELL, Madison G. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
CALDWELL, Richard B. (0111) MCRD PI to 12th MCRRD SFran
CASH, William E. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CARLSON, Ronald E. (6434) MARTD MARTC Akron to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jacksonville Fla
CARMODY, Frank M. (3369) MCAB CherPt to MB NAD Hingham Mass
CARROLL, Spencer D. (6715) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CATHERMAN, Bruce W. Jr. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
CLARK, Glenn C. (7011) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
CLARK, William D. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Iran) to 2dMarDiv Lej
CLAXTON, Robert E. (0316) MD USS ALBANY to MB NB Norfolk
CLINE, Joseph L. (3013) MarPac to 6th MCRRD Atlanta
COOK, Albert Jr. (1814) MCRD PI to MB NTC GLakes
CROCKFORD, Ronald K. (0337) MB NB Boston 2dMarDiv Lej
CUNNINGHAM, John D. (3619) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CURRY, Alexander E. (6731) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt
CURTIN, DeWayne J. (2561) 1stMAW to FMFLant NB Norfolk
DARLING, Louis O. (3371) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
DAVIS, John P. (5841) HQMC (StateDept-Palestine) to 2dMarDiv Lej
DECKWA, Clarence E. (3534) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DILLMAN, Richard J. (0336) MB NAD McAlester Okla to 2dMarDiv Lej
DIXON, Lawrence M. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
DOWELL, Kenneth E. (5861) MCRD PI to MCAB CherPt
DRISKELL, Curtis H. (4312) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DUNSTAN, Jack (6461) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DURIE, Charles W. (4671) MCS Quant to MCRD PI RectrsScol
DUTCH, George E. (0336) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej.
EASON, Calvin J. (0316) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to MCRD SD
EBERT, Robert W. (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to MD NavActy Navy #510 c/o FPO NY
ECKHARDT, Ralph W. (0836) Quant to Pen FFT
ELVING, Richard A. (0147) MCRD PI to MB NB Charleston SC
ESTESS, Homer E. (0316) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD SD
EWING, Kenneth V. (3371) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
FAULK, Thelma C. (3413) MarPac to I&I WomenMarDisPlt 1stSigCo USMCR Worcester Mass
FAULKNER, John E. (5711) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FEDRICK, Kenneth B. (6413) 1stMAW to MARTD MARTC Dallas
FICZKO, Robert F. (0346) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NAS QuonstPt RI
FLOWERS, Joseph H. (3516) MCFwDep Ptsmh Va to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
FOSTER, Clyde N. (3534) Lej to MarPac
FRANCIS, Henry G. Jr. (6413) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FREY, Reed W. (0111) MB NTC GLakes to 5th MCRRD Arlington Va
FRIEDMAN, Albert E. (3068) 1stMAW to 2dMAW CherPt
FRY, James R. (0316) MCRD PI to MD NAAS Chincoteague Va
GALLAGHER, Richard (0316) MB NB Brooklyn to 2dMarDiv Lej
GEORGE, James C. Jr. (6419) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
GIBBONS, John M. (6811) 2dMAW CherPt to MB NAS Lakehurst
GIBBS, Liston M. (3534) FMFPacTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GIBSON, Lewis D. (4312) 2dMarDiv Lej to 8thMCRRD NOrleans
GLENN, Dearl A. (2531) MarPac to SecurityFor POA
GOULD, Robert A. (6511) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
GOODNOH, Leroy S. Jr. (0316) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to 2dMarDiv Lej
GOODWIN, Andrew W. (0316) MB NB Ptsmh Va to 2dMarDiv Lej

"Do you think 'The Book of Etiquette' would interest a Marine?"

GREEN, Tommy J. (0147) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GREENE, Ernest H. (0316) MD NS NOrleans to 2dMarDiv Lej
GRIFFIN, Clyde C. (0200) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
GUFFEY, James E. (0316) MD NOP Macon Ga to 2dMarDiv Lej
HANSUT, Robert A. (1814) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
HARLAN, Herman (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
HARRINGTON, William (3013) MB 15thNavDist Navy #188 c/o FPO NY to MB NB Boston
HASTINGS, James F. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to Quant
HATCH, William W. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Italy) to 2dMarDiv Lej
HEALEY, Joseph E. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Portugal) to 2dMarDiv Lej
HEARN, Michael P. (0848) Quant to Pen FFT
HENSIEY, Marshall L. (6613) MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis to AirMFPac El Toro FFT
HESLER, Kenneth "J" (6613) 1stMAW to MARTD MARTC Denver
HICKS, Robert (0316) MCDS Albany Ga to 2dMarDiv Lej
HILL, Thomas N. (2531) FMFPac to FMFPacTrps Pen
HORSFORD, George S. Jr. (6413) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HOULETTE, Charles A. (2711) I&I 10thAWBtry USMCR Kansas City Mo to MCRD SD
HROZA, Robert J. (0147) MB NTC GLakes to Pen FFT
HUTTO, Hiram C. (3016) 1stDepSupBn USMCR NB Norfolk to MCDS Albany Ga
JACKSON, Elmer B. (4941) MarPac to TTU PhibTraPac NavPhibBase SDiego
JAMES, Carlton F. Jr. (0335) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI
JAMES, Luddrick M. (3534) FlagAllowComBat-Div 2 to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
JOHNSON, Joe W. (0147) MB Navy #116 c/o FPO NY to 6thMCRRD Atlanta
KASCH, Thomas R. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
KOCOS, Nicholas S. (6413) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
KOPP, William D. (4136) MCFwdDep Ptsmh Va to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KOROLY, Stephan (0316) MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv Lej
KOSTECKI, James A. (1836) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
KRUKENBERG, Lavern R. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Switzerland) to 2dMarDiv Lej
KRYGIER, Gerald J. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to SecurityFor POA
LARKIN, Thomas P. (3443) 1stMAW to MCDS Albany Ga
MEHER, John L. (6434) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
LE CLERC, Robert C. (1419) I&I 8thEngCo USMCR Portland Ore to SecurityFor POA
LEE, Herbert H. (3031) MB NAS Jacksonville Fla to MCDS Albany Ga
LEMOND, Harold N. (3611) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LERMA, Vincent L. (6412) AirFMFPac El Toro to 2dMAW CherPt
LINDSEY, William R. (3534) HQMC to AirFMF-Pac El Toro
LISIEWSKI, Joseph (0337) MB NSB New London to 2dMarDiv Lej
LHOTA, Laird A. (0147) Lej to MB NavRktTest-Sta Dover NJ
LOMBARD, James C. (5579) MB NMD Yorktown Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
LOONEY, Eules F. (5843) MarPac to MD Nav-RetraCom NB Norfolk
LOWNEY, James P. (2119) HQMC to FMFPac-Trps Pen
LYE, Charles F. (6413) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
LYONS, Daniel M. (3534) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro
MAC DONALD John A. (6700) MTG-20 AirFMF-Lant CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt
MANCILLAS, Manuel Jr. (25311) FMFPacTrps Pen to Security ForPOA
to Security ForPOA
MANRING, Ray G. (2711) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCRD SD
MARTIN, Lenwood T. (3511) TTU PhibTraLant NavPhibBase LCreek Va to I&I 6thInfBn USMCR Houston
MC CAIN, Wayne (2611) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD SD
MC CANTS, Alfred F. (0316) MB NB Norfolk to SecurityFor POA
MC CONNELL, Paul W. (6619) MAD NATECH-TRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC CRACKEN, William L. (0147) HQMC to SecurityFor POA
MC CURDY, John R. Sr. (3068) 1st MAW to MCAB CherPt
MC DURMIN, Richard E. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
MERINGOLO, Albert A. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
MIARECKI, Mary (5231) MCRD PI to Lej
MORALES, Ralph Jr. (0316) MCRD PI to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jacksonville Fla
MORAN, Joseph K. (2611) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD SD
NAGY, John (0335) MarPac to SecurityFor POA
NELSON, Robert E. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMar-Div Lej
NIEWALD, Howard (4100) FMFPacTrps Pen to Quant
PARRISH, Robert G. (7119) MB NAS Lakehurst to 2dMAW CherPt
PASHEK, William E. (3371) MB NGF WashDC to MB NB Boston
PAVEY, Chester R. (2271) HQMC (StateDept-Rome, Italy) to 2dMarDiv Lej
PENDAS, Gerard G. Jr. (0316) MB NB Brook-lyn to 2dMarDiv Lej
PERKINS, Walter J. (0316) MB NAD Hastings Neb to 2dMarDiv Lej
PERRY, Ralph M. (0316) MD HqSptActy Navy #510 c/o FPO NY to 2dMarDiv Lej
PHILLIPS, Dallas W. (0316) MCRD PI to Quant
PHILLIPS, Howard W. (1379) MarPac to Secu-rityFor POA
PHILO, Duwayne A. (0335) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD SD
PIERCE, Orville J. (3613) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)



CLAIM YOUR BOND

[cont. from page 55]

McNEMAR, Eddie J. 652680
MEARS, Kendall E. 849449
MEEKER, Gladys E. 766516
MELLO, Eugene M. Jr. 664330
MERRILL, Richard P. 817093
MILES, Arthur R. 1223973
MILLER, Edward G. J. 1070117
MILLER, Raymond M. 580503
MIMS, John D. 501742
MOATZ, Richard L. 1212516
MONEY, William H. 651275
MONTGOMERY, Robert L. 1047407
MOORE, Richard B. 1091367
MORALES, Ramona 701405
MORRIS, George W. 1114247
MORTON, Raymond M. 858227
MOSSO, Frank J. 1100062
MUNGLE, Charles L. 1090689
MUSE, George 1220000
NAPOLITANO, Paul 1198974
NEIGENFIND Atto L. 553588
NEVINS, William A. 575490
NEWMAN, Samuel C. Jr. 1305059
NICHOLS, Eugene O. 519753
NICKERSON, John X. 581962
NITZEL, Charles L. 476914
NORDAHL, John R. 660775
NUTTER, Pauline E. 763026
OGBURN, Sally P. 702649
OMALLEY, Loretta M. 763073
OSBRINK, Donovan R. 1123279
PACKER, Vincent L. 845945
PAPPAS, George M. 1338870
PARKS, William M. 663136
PATNODE, Robert L. 555262
PEARSON, Glenwood F. 870005
PEEL, Howard E. 1092106
PEREZ, Quinones F. 1201448
PETERS, James L. 1177287
PHELPS, Mason Jr. 537967
PHILLIPS, Eugene E. 1191180
PIERCE, David E. 584215
PISSERELLO, Vincent E. 1220763
PLUTA, Justyn C. 1123839
POMPY, Sam 900382
POWELL, Cluese T. 267644
POWERS, Maxine R. 774326
PRICE, Albert M. 869350
PUTMAN, Robert V. 1335085
QUIGLEY, James M. 1179262
RADOCAY, Emil M. 272290
RAMIREZ, Antonio 608399
RANDALL, John C. Jr. 1243870
RATKE, Norbert R. 305373
REDMON, Roy L. 1286363
REED, Richard L. Jr. 1233460
REFFITT, Doris L. 701736
REINHART, Oliver D. 910963
RENTERIA, Danny V. 1137195
REYNOLDS, Thomas C. Jr. 1082208
RICH, Edgar L. 655017
RICHARDS, George R. 893668
RIGGS, Willis L. 1205830
RITTER, Margaret E. 703240
ROACH, Bobby B. 574189
ROBERTS, Kenneth M. 1173174
ROBINSON, Walter Jr. 1002508
RODRIGUES, William D. 605784
ROKOSZAK, Raymond 531072
ROSE, Donald M. 866484
ROUBIDOUX, Jarvis R. Jr. 315255
RUDOLFI, Angelo 968617
RUSSELL, James R. 591117
RYAN, Stephen R. 1311165
SABOL, Paul W. 1311717
SALLEY, William 922980
SANCHEZ, Raphael G. 845573
SANTIAGOTIRADO, Ivan 1210491
SAUNDERS, Lawrence E. 1324339
SCHEITHAUER, Kenneth L. 1166873
SCHOFIELD, Adrian E. 346757
SCHRUMPF, Stanley E. 665720
SCHWARTZ, Gordon A. 555362
SCIUTTO, Ralph J. 1157303
SCRIBNER, Thomas 653334
SELTZER, Arthur D. 553032
SHADINGER, Peter R. 1201284
SHEARER, Donald L. 1155111
SHOEMAKER, Leonard J. 356524
SILVA, Edward P. 1190857
SINEATH, Edna J. 701983
SKELLY, James E. 866754
SMALL, Marvin D. 1088349
SMITH, Donald R. 1185950
SMITH, Leonard R. 317764
SMITH, Raymond L. 497354
SMITH, Thomas C. 1166833
SMITH, Willie H. 956635
SNYDER, James C. 640987
SONNIER, Isadore L. 612176
SPEED, William M. 647690
SPRINGER, Stanley M. 1199723
STANGE, William L. 1114445
STEINBERG, Irving 650847
STEWART, Noah 1294956
STOCKWELL, Roy E. 1103193
STOVER, Paul E. 316408
STROH, Harry E. 665788
STURZA, Raymond P. 1212701
SUMMERS, Ralph J. 1082155
SVENSON, Oscar L. 1299313
SWEET, Harold R. Jr. 1343304
TALBOTT, Charles M. 843342
TATE, Charles E. 1129290
TAYLOR, Richard J. 666887
TERIACA, Peter J. 1267040
THOMAS, Francis L. 495546
THOMPSON, Francis T. 537182
THOMPSON, Gordon E. 1168728
THURMAN, Georgianna S. 773451
TINSLEY, Forrest D. 926962
TODD, Thomas G. 1192790
TORTORO, Louis A. 846017
TRAFZER, Robert R. 511575
TRUITT, Robert D. 327971
TUCKER, Nathaniel 1168326
TURNER, Henry 828309
UHLEHAUT, Keith 348623
UREMOVICH, George R. 319316
VANCELETTE, Phillip G. 1112276
VANVLEET, Morauce G. 346755
VENTURA, Augustus J. 1086174
VIDRINE, Rose H. 944547
VITALIANO, Robert 1224153
WABEGAY, Alvin S. 334259
WAGNER, Harry T. 1250947
WALKER, James M. 1196789
WALLACE, Billy W. 549349
WALTERS, Harold L. 1073234
WARD, John P. 664262
WASHBURN, Robert C. 890842
WATSON, Robert L. 603579
WEBER, Edwin K. 474831
WEIMERN, Ervin J. 1209279
WELLINGTON, Rodney J. 1158650
WESPREMI, William R. 663379
WHITE, David R. 427131
WHITE,. Morris 622891
WHITED, Kyle 321102
WIER, Walter H. Jr. 622264
WILKINS, Billy B. 611754
WILLIAMS, Clement M. 341197
WILLIAMS, Raymond A. 855911
WILLIAMS, Bobbie G. 1153401
WILSON, Clifton E. 887046
WILSON, Silas S. 456755
WINGERTER, Peter E. 1157064
WITTE, Irvin H. 1299640
WOLFKEIL, William J. 332214
WOODIS, Chris C. 1196790
WORTHEN, George S. 323736
WRIGHT, Marshal T. 1136462
YAKOVLEFF, Walter M. 1104372
YATES, Ernest J. 668950
YOUNG, Charles F. 1138269
YOUNG, Paul N. 377007
ZAHLER, Ivan G. 495361
ZERGA, Raymond J. 519927

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 59]

to which I may write to obtain another copy?

Sgt. Richard E. Cook
Marine Corps Recruiting Sub-Station
Post Office Building,
White Plains, New York

● *Decorations and Medals Branch, HQMC, will send you a copy of your citation in the near future.—Ed.*

RIBBONS FOR ARMY SERVICE

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter to get some information through your "Sound Off" column.

I served in the Army from 1948 to 1950. What I would like to know is; do I rate any kind of ribbons for that part of my service?

I am now serving with the First Marines in Korea.

Corp. Toby C. Estrella
AT Co., 1st Marines
First Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *For information concerning your ribbons, we suggest that you write The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C., and request an official transcript of your decorations and medals.—Ed.*

OFFICER RETIREMENT

Dear Sir:

I heard a rumor to the effect that an officer submitted a letter requesting volunteer retirement under Paragraph 10055.2, Marine Corps Manual,

and received a reply that it was not the policy of the Defense Department to retire an officer who had not completed 30 years of service or reached the age of 63 years old. Is this a permanent law?

I accepted a commission after I had completed 10 years as an enlisted man. At that time I held the rank of Master Sergeant. I took consideration of my age and the retirement benefits of an officer who completes 20 years of service. I felt it to my advantage to accept a commission. If that law has been changed, what provisions have been made for a 30-year captain who cannot support his family on his retirement pay and the first employment agency he strikes will turn him down because of his age.

I would appreciate some information of any kind on this subject before I spend another 10 or 20 years, then find out that I cannot adequately support my family on my retirement pay and I can't qualify for the Old Age Pension.

Name withheld by request

● *The restriction placed on officers' retirement is temporary. The law provides for 20- and 30-year retirement, however, the present appropriation bill does not provide enough money to pay for involuntary retirement, except in cases of "hardship," service in World War I and World War II, or where retirement is certified by the Secretary of Defense as being in the best interests of the service. In all of these cases, the officer must have completed 20 or 30 years of service.—Ed.*

END

ROAD SHOW

[*continued from page 33*]

efforts of CWO Therrien and Sgt. Kleinknecht routed it out and forged it into a popular unit. The entire troupe is proud to claim they are combat Marines first, entertainers secondly. All of them have taken part in the shooting war from a frontline bunker.

A roll call of the unit would show almost every combat outfit of the "Fightin' First" represented. CWO Therrien was with the First Marines, Kleinknecht was a squad leader in George Co., 3/1 and twice recommended for a field commission; Vaccarello, wounded twice while a fire team leader in 1/5; Yianitsas from 2/7; Orcutt handled a flame thrower with 2/7, and so on down the list. Several of the performers have extended their time in Korea in order to remain with the show.

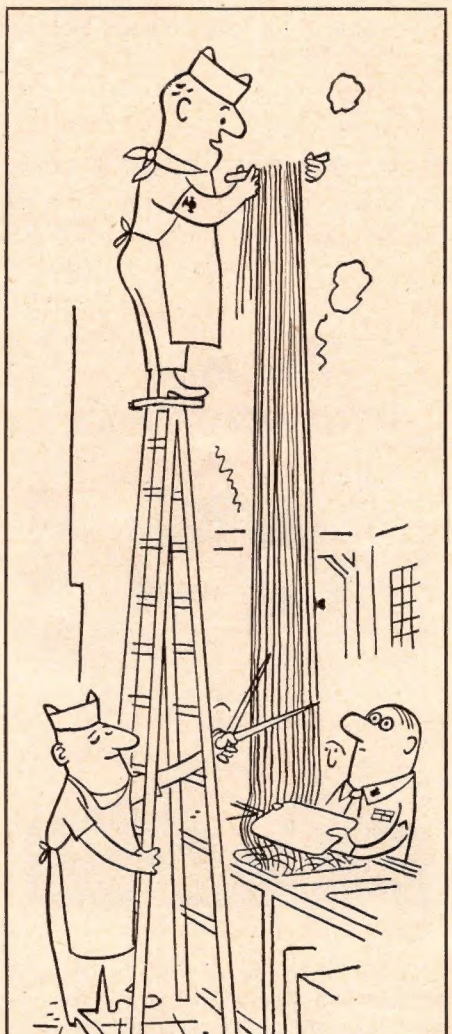
Despite the hardships that go with putting on a show every night while on tour there is that deep satisfaction each member feels when he knows that the show has been well received. A glimpse into the troupe's scrap book is ample proof that this unit is doing its share in Korea. The letters of appreciation they have received from all branches of the armed forces cover many pages. Many of the letters come down through official channels. Typical is the note from the skipper of the hospital ship, USS *Haven*, a must on the itinerary of every entertainment group that visits Korea. It states, "The Marines had the finest show of any to play on the ship."

No matter if the letter is from a frontline Marine unit, an Army Base, a Navy ship or an Air Force fighter strip, all have one paragraph that is identical. It says, "It is hoped a return engagement can be arranged."

The book is also loaded with clippings, but the one the troupe shows with exceptional pride is from an Air Force station newspaper. It reads, in part:

"A steady diet of USO shows coming to Korea has hardened our airmen into first class critics who usually sit on their hands and save their applause for the weaker sex. However, the 1st Marine Division's Variety Show that played here has the self styled critics leafing through their Webster dictionaries for new ways to express their exultation . . . Should the Marines care to return, they will find the SRO signs out and waiting."

These letters and clippings will remain a part of the Division Special Services' records and act as a guide for future Marine entertainment groups, but new entertainers will have to shoot high to reach the mark set by the original 1st Marine Division's Variety Show. **END**



"Spaghetti?"

TRANSFERS

[*continued from page 77*]

PODELL, Wallace L. (0147) HQMC to I&I 2d-AutoFldMaintCo USMCR New Haven
PORCH, Lummis K. (3534) MarPac to 2dMarDiv Lej
PUFAHL, Hayes P. (5231) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PYTHIAN, Joseph E. (2533) 3dMAW Miami to MarSigDet USS POCONO
QUAIL, Charles W. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
REED, Billie T. (2533) MarSigDet USS Mt Olympus to FMFLant Norfolk
REEDER, Edmond W. (3534) MB NB Navy #115 c/o FPO NY to 2dMarDiv Lej
ROBINSON, James K. (0147) FMFPac to MB NAS Pensacola
SABO, Mike G. Jr. (6412) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
SAUNDERS, Noel M. (0337) MB NB Ptsmh Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
SCARBORO, Jimmy M. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
SCROGGINS, Carlis R. (0336) MB NAD Hastings Neb to 2dMarDiv Lej
SETLIFF, Richard C. (6715) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to 2dMAW CherPt
SIEMASKO, Paul R. (0147) HQMC to SecurityFor POA
SHAW, Howard R. (1411) HQMC to Pen FFT
SHULTHISE, Leo T. (3534) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
SMITH, William A. (0316) FMFPac to MarPac
SOPER, Edward A. (6511) MARTD MARTC Seattle to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SPENCER, Harold L. (6413) MARTD MARTC Seattle to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SPILLANE, Raymond J. (6613) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
STARK, Christopher A. (6931) Quant to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
STARKEY, Don M. (0111) I&I 15th InfBn USMCR Navy #128 c/o FPO SFran to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
STEPHENS, Richard T. (0346) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NAS Jacksonville Fla
STOUFFER, Robert E. (3013) Lej to MD Navy #510 c/o FPO NY
STOUGH, William C. (3211) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
STRANG, Pete D. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
STRANGER, Joseph C. (1814) MarPac to Pen FFT
SULLIVAN, Marion R. (6511) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SUTTON, Jesse T. (3037) MarPac to Lej SupAdminCrse
TALERICO, Charles G. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
TATARA, Leonard T. (5841) 2dMarDiv Lej to SecurityFor POA
THOMPSON, George P. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Spain) to Quant
TOWNSEND, George H. Jr. (0111) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCB Lej
TRIPLETT, Finis O. (2611) MarPac to MARTD MARTC NAS Dallas
TUCHNOWSKI, John F. (0316) FMFPac to MB NAD Ft Mifflin Phila
TUCK, William R. (0816) I&I 2d 155mmHowBtry Texarkana Tex to Pen FFT
TURNER, Jackie D. (0161) Quant to Pen FFT
TURNER, Max A. (2316) Quant to Pen FFT
UPCHURCH, James H. (6731) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt
VICKERS, Col C. (6511) MARTD MARTC St. Louis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WACHHOLZ, Gordon H. (5841) 3dMAW Miami to Pen FFT
WAGGONER, Lavern E. (6717) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to 2dMAW CherPt
WAKEFIELD, Aaron E. (0316) MB NGF WashDC to Pen FFT
WALL, Allen Jr. (3539) 2dMarDiv Lej to 3dMAW Miami
WAL, Edwin L. (0147) 9th MCRRD Chicago to AirFMFLant NB Norfolk
WAY, Wilbur W. (3271) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
WEIR, Walter H. Jr. (0337) MarPac (Adak Alaska) to Pen
WESTMORELAND, Edward 0816) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
WILKENING, Arnold G. (6511) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WILLARD, Ben H. (0147) MD USS Midway to MCRD PI
WITOWSKI, William J. (3534) 9th MCRRD Chicago to Quant
WHITE, Richard (2711) MarPac to MCRD SD
WHITE, William F. Jr. (6761) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WILKINSON, Edward L. Jr. (6613) 1stMAW to MARTD MARTC Niagara Falls NY
WILSON, James P. O. Jr. (6444) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
YODER, Darell J. (3539) MarPac to MB NS Treasure Is FFT
YOUNG, Elbert E. (0816) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to Pen FFT
ZIPPILLI, Frank (3534) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NS Treasure Is FFT **END**

BOOKS REVIEWED

All books reviewed on this page can be ordered from LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE AND ADMIRAL RICKOVER By Clay Blair, Jr. Holt & Co., N. Y. Price $3.50

In less time than the U. S. required to build its B-47 bomber, the world's first nuclear powered submarine went from a drawing board dream to hard reality. For about $55,000,000 plus U. S. engineering genius, our country now owns the first device of man which can circle the globe without refueling. The *Nautilus* can stay under water indefinitely, and cross oceans in five or six days at depths below 500 feet. She can sneak up silently on a convoy of ships, carefully pinpoint her targets, scatter-shoot "homing" torpedoes, and escape at high speed even before its first torpedo strikes the enemy. Its speed—25 knots—enables it to evade all present day sonar equipment.

The 2800-ton sub's role in future warfare could be to launch guided missiles—perhaps with atomic-war heads; carry commandoes or intelligence agents; perform as a super sub-killer, or chart unexplored polar regions. Former Secretary of the Navy Dan Kimball called the feat "the most important piece of development work in the history of the U. S. Navy."

The man behind the 300-foot *Nautilus* is Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, who prodded and guided the SSN-571 into reality. To accomplish the staggering engineering feat he had to step on important toes and go over many heads. In three years he pushed Zirconium—a vitally needed new metal—through the same evolution on which scientists spent 50 years to develop aluminum.

In the clear, concise style he uses as a *Time* correspondent, young Clay Blair, Jr., has written a timely behind-the-scenes account of how the *Nautilus* was born. He describes in fine detail the rivalry between military and scientific thinking. Pioneering Admiral Rickover proves that despite the storms they may stir up, there is a place in the military for the forward-looking scientific specialist.

P.S.

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 8

1. (a); 2. (a); 3. (a); 4. (b); 5. (c); 6. (a); 7. (c); 8. (a); 9. (b); 10. (c).

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS By Ewen Montagu. J. B. Lippincott Co., N. Y. and Phila. Price $2.75

"To mystify and mislead the enemy," says British General Ishmay, "has always been one of the cardinal principles of war." In the long history of warfare, probably few plans rivaled the startling and fantastic hoax carried out by the British in "Operation Mincemeat."

Since the obvious point for the Allied invasion of North Africa was Sicily, it was essential that the suspicious Nazis be thrown off the track; thousands of Allied lives were at stake in this game.

Ewen Montagu's brilliant plan called for the Germans to believe that they had accidentally uncovered an intelligence leak. To do this, British intelligence carefully planted a body at sea. It was to wash ashore in Spain, where German agents would enter the picture. The body, of course, bore the identification papers of a Royal Marine Major, plus secret information concerning the proposed invasion plans.

Says Montagu, "In the graveyard of the Spanish town of Huelva there lies a British subject. As he died, alone, in the foggy damp of England in the late autumn of 1942, he little thought that he would lie forever under the sunny skies of Spain after a funeral of full military honors, nor that he would after death, render a service to the Allies that saved many hundreds of British and American lives. In life he had done little for his country; but in death he did more than most could achieve by a lifetime of service."

The Man Who Never Was has all the impact of a fiction thriller and reads as smoothly.

P.S.

THE MEN IN THE TROJAN HORSE By Kurt Singer. Beacon Press. Price $3.50

"The modern spy," says Kurt Singer, "is an emissary from one world to destroy another. He is a diplomat, a scientist, a man of knowledge. It is more important for any espionage system to get the latest industrial and laboratory secrets of a nation than to kidnap an *emigre* general." And Mr. Singer's book is a factual, documented account of the modern spies of our age.

The full story of Lavrenti Beria (prior to his execution) is given here for the first time in any book; and here also are the stories of Dr. Richard Sorge, who alerted the Russians to Pearl Harbor before the sneak attack; of Otto Katz, who plotted the death of Trotsky and was the probable murderer of Masaryk; of the infamous "Red Orchestra;" of Vidkun Abraham Lauritz Quisling, who captured a government; of Gerhart Eisler, "The Whip"; of Noel Field, whose sudden disappearance is still a mystery; of Malenkov's hatchet-man, Gen. William Zaisser; of "the Manila Boy," Thomas Santiago; and many others.

The book is a thorough study of international ethics in the age of the atom, but more significant it points to the fact that Americans are comparative newcomers in the field of international intrigue. What seems new in espionage to us, has been almost a daily routine in the spy ridden countries of Europe and Asia for centuries.

K.A.S.

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

SAVE 40¢

GET AN EXTRA 50¢ COLORED INCA INK REFILL FOR 10¢ WITH EACH PEN YOU BUY!

The New

EVERSHARP

Kimberly

RETRACTABLE

AMERICA'S ONLY FOOL-PROOFED PEN

WITH BRILLIANT, PERMANENT

INCA INK

The Secret of the Centuries Captured in 4 Brilliant Ink Colors

FIRE RED · TEMPLE BLUE · LEAF GREEN · JUNGLE BLACK

- VISIBLE INK SUPPLY
- FLOATING POINT ADJUSTS TO ANY WRITING STYLE

CLICK! *You're ready to write!*

PRESS! *Top of clip—Point retracts!*

$1.99 VALUE

Only

$1.59

F.E.TAX INCL.

EVERSHARP INC., NEW YORK—CHICAGO—TORONTO, CANADA

Like I tell you on DRAGNET..
smokers by the thousands now changing to Chesterfield
. . . enjoying the one cigarette that's highest in quality—low in nicotine.
And remember, only our Chesterfields have this proven record with smokers. No adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield. Both these statements are a matter of record.
Jack Webb
Chesterfield
KING
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
BEST FOR YOU

Copyright 1954, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.